

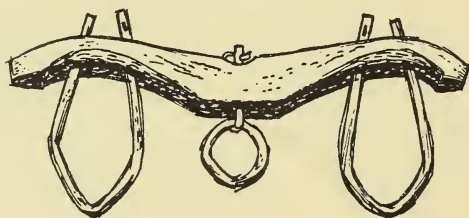
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The Assassination of
President Lincoln.

[in: *The Old Times Magazine of
Other Days*, MAY 1939]

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Old Timer

The Magazine of Other Days

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES and STORIES

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The Human Side of History

Note to the Reader

TO GET into the real spirit-of-the-times of these anecdotes of other days, the reader is advised to note the foot-note at the beginning of each story.

These foot-notes give the original date of publication or writing of the story, — and it will be noticed that for the most part these dates are truly “way back when”.

This is in keeping with the aim of this Magazine, which is to transport the reader, for the time being, back to another day; back to those old-time “other days” of our pioneer forefathers; back to a day that was less hurried and in most ways far more adventurous and interesting than to-day. A fact which, we believe, a careful reading of these pages will demonstrate.

Any reader who would like to read the complete book from which any of these anecdotes is taken, and who wants that book as a valuable addition to his own library, can be served through our Book Service Department.

We will supply at current price any book mentioned in these pages, that is still published and available. Just let us know your wishes, addressing: The Book Service Department, Old Timer Magazine, Joliet, Illinois.

OLD TIMER

The Magazine of Other Days

Guy W. Bilsland, Editor

Published Monthly

DOMINIC A. ROMANO, Publisher JOLIET, ILLINOIS

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Old Timer

The Magazine of Other Days
Showing
The Human Side of History

MAY, 1939

GUY W. BILSLAND, Editor

VOL. I, No. 1

Foreword

How Old Timer Came to Be

By The EDITOR

TRUTH is stranger than fiction, and far more interesting,—particularly when it is well-told stories of things that actually happened to people we actually knew.

True stories such as these *are* available, but few have the chance to find them. They are buried away, for the most part, in old libraries, in old books and files of old newspapers and magazines. They are hidden there, a wealth—a veritable gold mine—of anecdotes of adventure and of living as it was experienced and recorded by “old timer” pioneers of “other days.”

These are first-hand stories of real people. They are tales of the things that actually happened to these people—your forefathers and mine—in the old-time other days when the fascinating history of our country was in the making. They are truly the human side of history.

Moreover, these stories are interesting in themselves. They are intriguingly readable and entertaining simply as anecdotes and narratives, wholly aside from their his-

torical import and value. You will really enjoy them.

OLD TIMER—The Magazine of Other Days—is a monthly collection of these stories. It is a monthly “mining” of this rich source of anecdote and adventure, entertainment and inspiration. Surely, in what we “pan” each month, we believe you will find something that will make the reading of these pages well worth your while,—a fascinating, interesting, informative and educational journey back to the stirring days and deeds of our forefathers, back to those long ago, never-to-come-again pioneer “other days”!

The primary purpose of Old Timer is to entertain. We have enjoyed these stories; we think you will, too. We want to share something of this joy that has been ours as we have browsed for years through books which tell about this America of ours when it was being pioneered and peopled. Old Timer is the natural outgrowth of this personal interest in pioneer history,

an interest which, incidentally, was inherited. Our own personal forefathers were pioneers.

A Product of Pioneers

It happens that our own personal memories can span nearly fifty years,—making us something of an old timer ourselves! And our forefathers began coming over from England, Scotland and Ireland as far back as the 1780s. "Settling" first in "York State", they "moved" west, through Pennsylvania, down the Ohio, up western Indiana, until, fifty years later, we find our paternal great-grandfather one of the first ten men to "settle" the town of Juliet, now Joliet, Will County, Illinois, in 1831.

Our paternal grandfather was a Forty-niner,—almost! He made the overland journey in 1851 in a covered wagon from Independence, Missouri to Sacramento, California; returning in two years by the long sea "trip" round the Horn to New York, without, alas, bringing any gold to show for it all! Our parents were "born and raised", married, and lived part of their early years in Will County; the later years in western Missouri and Nebraska, pioneers in their generation, "moving West." Thus, by genealogy and inheritance your editor "comes natural by" his interest in pioneer America and American pioneers.

Our publisher, also, comes of pioneer stock, of a later migration. His grandfather emigrated from Italy, near Rome, shortly after the Civil War; settling first in New York City and later in Virginia. Here his son, our publisher's father, beginning as a boy of sixteen, became a railroad construction foreman and later a railroad contractor. He pioneered in the rebuilding of railroads in the Shenandoah Valley, destroyed by the historic war-time raids of that historic vale. Later, during Reconstruction days, he contracted in the rebuilding of railroads around Atlanta and Birmingham, and in other Southern States. Coming to Joliet in the '80s, he continued his railroad work, and became one of the early settlers and civic leaders of the pioneer Italian-Americans of Northern Illinois.

A Contribution to Americana

Thus, as products of the great American melting-pot and descendants of American pioneers, the personnel of OLD TIMER is animated by an inherent spirit of love for and interest in the theme and purpose to which this magazine is dedicated. Our sincere aim is to make it both a publication to be read and enjoyed, and a unique and definite contribution to early Americana, worthy of being consulted and preserved.

Old Timer Brings Back Memories

SPACE permits but the barest outline of what our program for OLD TIMER contemplates. But these outline high-lights will bring to the historically minded reader and to all whose memories go back twenty-five to seventy-five years a glimpse of the scope which our interests cover, and a suggestion of the

limitless variety open to us as we dig into the human side of the marvelous story of America in the making.

Take, first, some high-lights of the initial, May 1939, issue of Old Timer: Lincoln, the MAN, appears to us as we read *The Assassination of President Lincoln*, as written in 1865 by a man

who sat within ten feet of him the night he was shot.—Indian warfare becomes reality when viewed from a private soldier's account of *An Incident of the Sioux War of 1863*.—"Stick 'em up" acquires realism as told in *The Treasure Coach Robbery* of a Deadwood stage coach in the Black Hills in 1876.—We get a first-hand concept of what it meant to "win the West" when we read

The Human Side of History

The Building of the Union Pacific as told by General Grenville M. Dodge, the man who actually superintended its construction.—A view of the Civil War not found in the usual histories is ours as we read *Stanley at Shiloh*, written by the great African explorer himself, who, as a boy, took part in that bloody battle.—What the prairies really looked like and really were to our fathers is vividly pictured in *The Beauty of the Prairies*, and *The Planting of the Corn*.—We see General Grant, the great soldier, actually afraid as he goes into his first battle, as told in his own words in *The Lesson was Valuable*.—How a three-year-old girl actually lived through the battle of Fredericksburg and the storming of Marye's Heights is beautifully told in *The Baby and the Cannon Ball*.

Glimpses of the human side of early Chicago—of Gamblers and Ladies in Old Deadwood—Memories of *Barber Shop Chords*.—Anecdotes of Lincoln in Lighter Vein.—First-hand, day-by-day accounts of *Forty-niners on the March*—a vivid account of a hand-to-hand struggle between a strong white man and a giant Indian.—Anecdotes of Eugene Field and Lillian Russell—all these and a dozen others suggest in barest outline the contents of the initial issue of OLD TIMER.

As to the scope and variety of the contents of succeeding issues, they are limited only by the background of anecdotes and events in pioneer American history. They range all the way from the old-homestead to the wicked city; from forest and prairie to plain and mountain; from the Mississippi to the Great Lakes; from Aroostook to San Jose; from St. Augustine to Seattle.

from Daniel Boone to Marcus Whitman; from Samuel Adams to Sam Houston; from tow-path, railroad and show-boat to covered wagon, pony express and minstrel shows; from book and stage to poetry and song; from Stephen Foster to Irving Berlin; from costume and dress to the farm and forest and factory that produce them; from cow-boys and Indians to sheriffs and six-guns; from Wild Bill and Calamity Jane to Bat Masterson and Buffalo Bill; from Valley Forge and Ticonderoga to Beecher's Island and Custer's Last Stand; from Belmont and Ball's Bluff to Five Forks and Appomatox; from the Drummer Boy of Chickamauga and Belle Boyd to Sergeant York and The Lost Battalion; from Santiago and San Juan to Belleau Wood and the Argonne.

They touch upon memories of pioneer life as suggested by the mere words: log cabin, sod shanty, hog killing, husking bee; harvesting, threshing, saw mill, railroad; circuit rider, camp meeting, spelling bee; book agent, drummer, carpet bagger; corn, wheat, cotton, cattle, copper, silver, gold; flint-lock, Springfield, Colt, Winchester.

Literally, *anything* of legitimate interest that happened in the making of our America, or within the memory of almost any "old timer", is potential material for the contents of OLD TIMER Magazine.

Memories of OUR Days

Thus, the reading of this magazine should prove a repeated series of novelties and surprises as each month unearths a new "find" of fascinating stories of the "good old days"—days that were good, not necessarily because they are old, but because they were *ours*; our days, our lives, our experiences, our memories!

For after all, what is life but experience—and memories! Next to the experience of life itself is the reliving of its memories, and a prime awakener of memories is the printed record of the times that have been ours and the times of our fathers before us.

Such a memory-awakener is OLD TIMER Magazine!

Lincoln in Lighter Vein

I WAS asked to sing. Poor Mr. Lincoln! who, I understood, could not endure music. I pitied him. "None of your foreign fireworks," said Mr. Trott, in his graceful manner as I passed him on my way to the piano. I answered, "Shall I sing 'Three Little Kittens?' I think that is the least fireworky of my repertoire." But I concluded that a simple little rocket like "Robin Adair" would kill nobody; therefore I sang that and it had a success. When the gaunt president took my hand to thank me, he held it in a grip of iron, and when to accentuate the compliment, meaning to give a little extra pressure, he put his left hand over his right, I felt as if my hand were shut in a waffle-iron and I should never straighten it out again.

"Music is not much in my line," said the president, "but when you sing you warble yourself into a man's heart. I'd like to hear you sing some more." What other mild cracker could I fire off?" Then I thought of that lovely song, "Mary Was a Lassie," which you like so much, so I sang that. Mr. Lincoln said, "I think I might become a musician if I heard you often, but so far I know only two tunes." "'Hail Columbia?'" I asked. "You know that, I am sure." "Oh, yes; I know that, for I have to stand up and take off my hat." "And the other one?" "The other one? Oh, the other one is the other when I don't stand up."—Lillie de Hegermann-Lindencrone, letter to her aunt, dated Philadelphia, July, 1864.

On Reading Pioneer History *

The Fascination and Value of Our Forefathers' Story

By NIRA B. NORTHROP (1791-1878)

HISTORY enriches the mind, gratifies a worthy desire to be informed on past events, enables us to avail ourselves of the experience of our predecessors, informs and regulates our judgment, and is profitable for reproof and correction.

The earliest records of humanity are formed in the Sacred Scripture, and for that reason have a strong claim on our diligent study. Next to inspired history, our own town, our own county, our own state, our own common country and the deeds of our forefathers who first settled and improved the land or country we call our own, should receive our notice. To Americans, a knowledge of American history is essential.

A second and third generation are now enjoying the fruits that resulted from toils and perils of their industrious and frugal ancestors; and what a contrast between then and now! The tangled forest is gone, the beasts of prey that prowled are gone, the war-whoop of the red man is hushed, the wigwams are wasted away by the rot of time, and the council-fires are long since extinguished, and in their stead we have fertile

fields, smiling gardens, commodious dwellings, well arranged school houses, civilized communities, edifices erected and dedicated to the worship of God. Time, culture and science have wrought a transformation.

It is my desire to give a comprehensive history of those who followed the devious Indian foot-paths through the wilderness of this part of the Western Reserve and established themselves in what is now called Medina county.

All that I have compiled was gathered either from manuscripts or from the oral statements of those who saw or knew the facts.

I put forth this small history under a firm belief that it is due to those who acted; that their doings should be registered, and it is also proper that each coming generation should read and know what was done by its ancestors.

Take, read, and contrast the many privileges now enjoyed, compared with the many privations of the first settlers, and take encouragement to persevere.

In all the toils of this protracted undertaking, the au-

* From Preface to "Pioneer History of Medina County," By Nira B. Northrop 1791-1878). Pub., Geo. Redway, Printer, Medina, Ohio, 1861.

thor has been animated by the hope of offering an acceptable and useful service to the present and future generations, by detailing the ele-

ments from which has grown the prosperity and present happy condition of a free people.

N. B. Northrop.

Medina, June, 1861.

“Egypt”

Why Southern Illinois is Called by the Name of an Ancient Land

MOST residents of Illinois are doubtless familiar with the popular allusion to the Southern part of this state as “Egypt.” We had never heard or read an explanation as to why this is, though in our own mind we had deduced that it was because the southernmost city of this territory is given the Egyptian name of Cairo. But, in a book called “Fact, Fancy and Fable,” compiled by Henry Frederic Reddall, published in Chicago in 1889, we have just come across the following explanation. Wonder how many old-timers will agree with it?

Egypt, says this book, is a slang term supposed to be descriptive of the people or of the soil of Southern Illinois. The inhabitants at one time possessed the reputation of being extremely ignorant; hence a figurative allusion to the “thick darkness” in which Egypt was involved at the command of Moses. The soil of the locality in question is

of unsurpassed fertility, as was the land of the Nile. Another writer (says the book) controverting the above explanation, says: About the year 1835, there was throughout Northern and Central Illinois a great scarcity of corn, while all through Southern Illinois there was a very great abundance; as a consequence, the following fall and winter great numbers came down into “Egypt” (as in ancient times the people went down into ancient Egypt for a like purpose) to buy and carry back corn to supply the wants of the people in that part of the state where the corn crop for that year had been a total failure. The chief product of the state at that time was corn; but little else was cultivated. It was the staple article of food, both for man and beast. And thus Southern Illinois came to be called “Egypt.” The “thick darkness” and the extreme ignorance never did exist there.

The Assassination of President Lincoln *

A First-hand, Seventy-four-Year-Old Account

By LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES S. GREENE

An eye-witness account, published in 1865, of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, as told by an Army

officer who was in Ford's Theatre at the time, Friday evening, April 14, 1865—seventy-four years ago:

THE assassin, only thirty-three years of age, was the youngest son of the elder Booth, and next in order of birth to his distinguished brother Edwin. He was born on his father's farm near Baltimore, and is thus a Marylander. Like his two brothers, Edwin and Junius Brutus, he inherited and early manifested a predilection for the stage, and is well known to theatre-goers and the public generally as a very fine looking young man, but as an actor of more promise than performance. He was quite popular in the Western and Southern cities, and his last extended engagement was, we believe, in Chicago . . .

During the last two months he had seemed to be completely absorbed in some project, which none of his friends could fathom. In the midst of associates he would frequently remain silent; or, if conversing, would talk in a pointless way, as if thinking of some great trouble . . .

On Friday last he was about the National Hotel as usual, and strolled up and down the Avenue several times. During one of the strolls he stopped

at the Kirkwood House, and sent in to Vice-President Johnson a card, upon which was written: "I do not wish to disturb you. Are you in? J. Wilkes Booth."

A gentleman of Booth's acquaintance at this time met him in front of the Kirkwood House, and in the conversation which followed made some allusion to Booth's business, and in a jesting way asked, "What made him so gloomy? had he lost another thousand in oil?"

Booth replied that he had lost considerably by the freshet; that he had been hard at work that day, and was about to leave Washington never to return.

Just then a boy came out and said to Booth, "Yes, he is in his room." Upon which the gentleman walked on, supposing Booth would enter the hotel.

About seven o'clock on Friday evening, Booth came down from his room at the National, and was spoken to by several concerning his paleness, which he said proceeded from indisposition. Just before leaving he asked the

* From "Thrilling Stories of the Great Rebellion", by Lieut.-Col. Charles S. Greene, Late of the United States Army; Pub. John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, 1865.

clerk if he was not going to Ford's theatre, and added, "There will be some very fine acting there tonight."

Mr. Sessford, ticket agent at the theatre, noticed Booth as he passed in, and shortly after the latter entered the restaurant next to the theatre and in a hurried manner called for "Brandy! brandy! brandy!" rapping at the same time on the bar.

Captain Theodore McGowan, A. A. G. to Gen. Augar, states that he was at the theatre on the night in question. Arriving there, said he, just after the entrance of President Lincoln and the party accompanying him. My friend, Lieutenant Crawford, and I, after viewing the presidential party from the opposite side of the dress circle, went to the right side, and took seats in the passage above the seats of the dress circle, and about five feet from the door of the box occupied by President Lincoln.

During the performance the attendant of the President came out and took the chair nearest the door. I sat, and had been sitting, about four feet to his left and rear for some time.

I remember that a man, whose face I do not distinctly recollect, passed me and inquired of one sitting near who the President's messenger was, and learning, exhibited to him an envelope, apparently official, having a printed heading and superscribed in a bold hand; I could not read the address, and did not try. I think

now it was meant for Lieutenant-General Grant. That man went away.

Some time after I was disturbed in my seat by the approach of a man who desired to pass up on the aisle in which I was sitting. Giving him room by bending my chair forward he passed me, and stepped one step down upon the level below me. Standing there, he was almost in my line of sight, and I saw him while watching the play. He stood, as I remember, one step above the messenger, and remained perhaps one minute looking at the stage and orchestra below.

Then he drew a number of visiting cards from his pocket, from which, with some attention, he drew or selected one. These things I saw distinctly. I saw him stoop, and I think, descend to the level with the messenger, and by his right side. He showed the card to the messenger, and as my attention was then more closely fixed upon the play, I do not know whether the card was carried in by the messenger, or his consent given to the entrance of the man who presented it.

I saw, a few moments after, the same man entering the door of the lobby, leading to the box, and the door closing behind him. This was seen because I could not fail from my position to observe it; the door side of the proscenium box and the stage were all within the direct and oblique lines of my sight. How long I

watched the play after his entering I do not know.

It was, perhaps, two or three minutes, possibly four. The house was perfectly still, the large audience listening to the dialogue between "Florence Trenchard" and "May Meredith," when the sharp report of a pistol rang through the house. It was apparently fired behind the scenes, on the right of the stage. Looking towards it and behind the presidential box, while it startled all, it was evidently accepted by everyone in the theatre as an introduction to some new passage, several of which had been interpolated in the earlier part of the play.

A moment after, a man leaped from the front of the box directly down, nine feet, and on the stage, and ran rapidly across it, bareheaded, holding an unsheathed dagger in his right hand, the blade of which flashed brightly in the gas-light as he came within ten feet of the opposite rear exit. I did not see his face as he leaped or ran, but I am convinced that he was the man I saw enter. As he leaped he cried distinctly the motto of Virginia, "Sic semper tyrannis!"

The hearing of this and the sight of the dagger explained fully to me the nature of the deed he had committed. In an instant he had disappeared behind the side-scene. Consternation seemed for a moment to rivet everyone to his seat, the next moment confusion reigned supreme. I saw the features

of the man distinctly before he entered the box, having surveyed him contemptuously at the time, supposing him to be an ill-bred fellow who was pressing a selfish matter upon the President in his hours of leisure.

The screams of Mrs. Lincoln first disclosed the fact to the audience that the President had been shot; then all present rose to their feet, rushing towards the stage, many exclaiming, "Hang him! hang him!"

The excitement was one of the wildest possible description, and of course there was an abrupt termination of the theatrical performance.

There was a rush towards the presidential box, when cries were heard, "Stand back!" "Give him air!" "Has anyone stimulants?" On hasty examination it was found that the President had been shot through the head above and back of the temporal bone, and that some of the brain was oozing out.

He was removed to a private house opposite to the theatre, and the Surgeon General of the Army and other surgeons were sent for to attend to his condition.

On an examination of the private box, blood was discovered on the back of the cushioned rocking-chair on which the President had been sitting, also on the partition and on the floor. A common single-barrelled pocket pistol was found on the carpet.

A military guard was placed

in front of the private residence to which the President had been conveyed. An immense crowd gathered in front of it, all deeply anxious to learn the condition of the President. It had been previously announced that the wound was mortal, but all hoped otherwise. The shock to the community was terrible.

This was on the night of

Friday, April 14, 1865. The next morning at twenty minutes past seven o'clock the President breathed his last, closing his eyes as if falling asleep, and his countenance assumed an expression of perfect serenity. There was no indication of pain, and it was not known that he was dead until the gradually decreasing respiration ceased altogether.



The Illinois Prairies in the '30's



GLIMPSE of a scene and day gone forever—the Illinois prairie of a hundred years ago—is given in the following from "A Summer Journey in the West," written by Mrs. Steele, in 1840:

"I started with delight. I was in the midst of prairie. A world of grass and flowers stretched around me, rising and falling in gentle undulations . . . Acres of wild flowers of every hue glowed around me, what a new and wondrous world of beauty! More glorious ranks of flowers! . . . Imagine yourself in the center of an immense circle of velvet herbage, the sky for its boundry on every side; the whole clothed with a radiant efflorescence of every brilliant hue. We rode thus through a perfect wilderness of sweets, sending forth perfume, and animated by myriads of glittering birds and butterflies . . . It was in fact a vast garden. You will scarcely credit the profusion of flowers from these prairies. We passed whole acres of blossom all having one hue, as purple, perhaps, or masses of yellow or rose; and then again a carpet of every color inter-mixed. When the sun flooded this mosaic with light and the summer breezes stirred among the leaves, the iridescent glow was beautiful and wondrous beyond anything I have ever conceived."—From August Maue's "History of Will County, Illinois."

The Beauty of The Prairies *

As They Appeared before "Civilization" Hit Them

THE traveler who visits the Mississippi Valley for the first time . . . is struck with the magnificence of the vegetation which clothes the whole surface . . . We apprehend that the intense astonishment with which the American pioneers first beheld a prairie, and which WE ALL feel in gazing over these singularly beautiful plains, is the result of association . . . Our immediate ancestors came from lands covered with wood, and in their minds the idea of a wilderness was indissolubly connected with that of a forest . . . Suddenly the glories of the prairie burst upon their enraptured gaze, with its widely-extended landscape, its verdure, its flowers, its picturesque groves, and all its exquisite variety of mellow shade and sunny light . . .

The scenery of the prairie country . . . never fails to cause an exclamation of surprise. The extent of the prospect is exhilarating; the verdure and the flowers are beautiful; and the absence of shade, and consequent appearance of a profusion of light, produces a gayety which animates the beholder.

It is necessary to explain that these plains, although

preserving a general level in respect to the whole country, are yet in themselves not FLAT, but exhibit a gracefully waving surface, swelling and sinking with an easy slope, and a full rounded outline, equally avoiding the unmeaning horizontal surface, and the interruption of abrupt or angular elevations. It is that surface which, in the expressive language of the country, is called ROLLING, and which has been said to resemble the long heavy swell of the ocean, when its waves are subsiding to rest after the agitation of a storm.

It is to be remarked, also, that the prairie is almost always elevated in the center, so that in advancing into it from either side, you see before you only the plain, with its curved outline marked upon the sky, and forming the horizon, but on reaching the highest point, you look around upon the whole of the vast scene.

The attraction of the prairie consists in its extent, its carpet of verdure and flowers, its undulating surface, its groves, and the fringe of timber by which it is surrounded. Of all these, the last is the most expressive feature—it is that which

*From a Description, published in the '60s in the "Western Monthly Magazine."

gives character to the landscape, which imparts the shape and marks the boundry of the plain. If the prairie be small, its greatest beauty consists in the vicinity of the surrounding margin of woodland, which resembles the shore of a lake, indented with deep vistas like bays and inlets, and throwing out long points, like capes and headlands; while occasionally these points approach so close on either hand, that the traveler passes through a narrow avenue or strait, where the shadows of the woodland fall upon his path—and then again emerges into another prairie. Where the plain is large, the forest outline is seen in the far perspective like the dim shore when beheld at a distance from the ocean. The eye sometimes roams over the green meadow, without discovering a tree, a shrub, or any object in the immense expanse but the wilderness of grass and flowers; while at another time the prospect is enlivened by the groves which are seen interspersed like islands, or the solitary tree, which stands alone in the blooming desert.

If it be the spring of the year, and the young grass has just covered the ground with a carpet of delicate green, and especially if the sun is just rising from behind a distant swell of the plain and glittering upon the dewdrops, no scene can be more lovely to the eye. The

deer is seen grazing quietly upon the plain; the bee is on the wing; the wolf with his tail dropped in sneaking away to his covert with the felon tread of one who is conscious that he has disturbed the peace of nature; and the grouse feeding in flocks or in pairs, like the domestic fowl, cover the whole surface—the males strutting and erecting their plumage like a peacock, and uttering a long, loud, mournful note, something like the cooing of the dove, but resembling still more the sound produced by passing a rough finger boldly over the surface of a tambourine.

The number of these birds is astonishing. The plain is covered with them in every direction; and when they have been driven from the ground by a deep snow, I have seen thousands, or more properly tens of thousands thickly clustered in the tops of the trees surrounding the prairie. They do not retire as the country becomes settled, but continue to lurk in the tall grass around the newly made farms; and I have sometimes seen them mingled with the domestic fowls, a short distance from the farmer's door. They will eat and even thrive when confined in a coop, and may undoubtedly become domesticated.

When the eye roves off from the green plain to the groves or points of timber these also are found to be at

this season robed in the most attractive hues. The rich undergrowth is in full bloom. The red-bud, the dog-wood, the crab-apple, the wild plum, the cherry, the rose, are abundant in all rich lands; and the grape vine, though its bloom is unseen, fills the air with fragrance. The variety of the wild fruit and flowering shrubs is so great, and such the profusion of the blossoms with which they are bowed down, that the eye is regaled almost to satiety.

The gayety of the prairie, its embellishments, and the absence of the gloom and savage wildness of the forest, all contribute to dispel the feeling of lonesomeness which usually creeps over the mind of the solitary traveler in the wilderness. Though he may not see a house or a human being, and is conscious that he is far from the habitations of men, he can scarcely divest himself of the idea that he is traveling through scenes embellished by the hand of art. The flowers, so fragile, so delicate, and so ornamental, seem to have been tastefully disposed to adorn the scene. The groves and clumps of trees appear to have been scattered over the lawn to beautify the landscape, and it is not easy to avoid that decision of the fancy which persuades the beholder that such scenery has been created to satisfy the refined taste of civilized man.

Europeans are often reminded of the resemblance of this scenery to that of the extensive parks of noblemen, which they have been accustomed to admire in the old world; the lawn, the avenue, the grove, the copse, which are there produced by art, are here prepared by nature; a splendid specimen of massy architecture, and the distant view of villages, are alone wanting to render the similitude complete.

In the summer the prairie is covered with long coarse grass, which soon assumes a golden hue, and waves in the wind like a ripe harvest . . . The first coat of grass is mingled with small flowers; the violet, the bloom of the strawberry, and others of the most minute and delicate texture. As the grass increases in size these disappear, and others, taller and more gaudy, display their brilliant colors upon the green surface, and still later a larger and coarser succession rises with the rising tide of verdure. A fanciful writer asserts that the prevalent color of the prairie flowers is in the spring a bluish purple, in midsummer red, and in the autumn yellow. This is one of the NOTIONS the people get who study nature by the fireside.

The truth is, that the whole of the surface of these beautiful plains is clad throughout the season of verdure with every imaginable variety of color, "from grave to gay." It is impossible to

conceive a more infinite diversity, or a richer profusion of hues, or to detect any predominating tint, except the green, which forms the beautiful ground, and relieves the exquisite brilliancy of all the others. The only changes of color observed at different seasons arise from the circumstance that in the spring the flowers are small and the colors delicate; as the heat becomes more ardent, a hard-

ier race appears, the flowers attain a greater size, and the hue deepens; and still later a succession of coarser plants rise above the tall grass, throwing out larger and gaudier flowers. As the season advances from spring to midsummer, the individual flower becomes less beautiful when closely inspected, but the landscape is far more variegated, rich, and glowing.

The Planting of The Corn

And the Delights of Hot Corn-Bread

GLIMPSES of an Illinois day gone never to return are brought to us with all their humanness in the boyhood recollections of Francis Grierson, as he records them in his book, "The Valley of the Shadows—Recollections of The Lincoln Country 1858-1863." Here is how he recalls cornplanting on the primitive prairie:

The wide strip of prairie to the west of the Log-House was now ready for planting, but not without immense labor. A huge plough which descended into the primitive soil was drawn by four or five pairs of stout oxen, driven and directed by a man with a whip as long as the team itself. My father held the plough, and frequently stood on it in order to drive it deep enough to cut through the roots that were often formidable in their thickness.

Oh, the delightful souvenirs of that ploughing and planting! The odor of the fresh, rich soil, never broken till now, the turning up of snakes, insects and queer stones, with here and there the rough flint-head of an Indian arrow, the flocks of redwinged black-birds settling down to feast in the wavy sod, the excitement which had in it no reaction—how is it possible that such things pass as in dreams?

The whole day I followed the oxen, never growing weary of the wonders of Nature, and when this rough piece of land had been ploughed, harrowed and duly prepared for the first crop of Indian corn, then came, what was to me, the climax of the whole proceeding, the actual sowing of the seed. It was like some rare holiday, a festival, a celebration. All Nature seemed to partake of the

joy; a new world of marvels seemed to be on the eve of consummation. The weather was perfect, and as we three—my father, one of my sisters, and myself—went forth with a sack of seed, we dropped the large golden grains into the proper places all along through the soft, dark loam, closing up each hole, keeping up a ceaseless clatter, mainly, I think, about the pure delights of the work we were doing. Perhaps never since have I felt the same kind of thrill. There are days that shine out like great white jewels in the crown of years . . .

Six months had passed since the prairie soil was broken for the corn, and now we should see it no more till it came into the house in the form of golden meal, all ready to be prepared for the breadpan, baked in the oven, and set steaming hot on the

table for breakfast or supper, about an inch and a half thick, as yellow as rich gold, the top baked to a brown crust, the whole cut into good sized squares in the pan. We cut the pieces through the middle and spread them with fresh home-made butter; and this, with home-cured bacon, and eggs laid in the sweet-smelling hay of the old barn, by hens fattened on corn, surpassed any dish I have ever eaten, in the palaces of kings, in the mansions of millionaires, or any of the great restaurants of Paris or London. How many times, when dining with the great ones of the world, undeceived by the illusions of sight, taste and smell, my mind has wandered back to the delicious breakfasts and suppers of the Log-House in Illinois, certain that nothing could rival hot corn-bread properly made.

The Lady and the Tavern

A Feminine Travel Experience of the '50's

A LADY writes The Drawer:

As I was traveling through a Western State some years since, I was obliged by the inclemency of the weather to "put up" at a country tavern in the back woods. The hotels of these sections are built of logs, and are generally fifteen by twenty feet in size. They have but one room, which answers for hall, drawing-room, sleeping-rooms, dressing room, and kitchen. It being the first time that I ever had the "extreme felicity" of registering my name in the book of one of these metropolitan accomodations, I was

very much surprised at the arrangements. I observed a few men changing their clothes or more properly, performing their toilet; and I addressed the landlord with,

"Is this all the apartment that this house has?"

"Yes, Sir; isn't dat enough?"

"But, Sir, have you no other room for ladies?"

"No."

"What a horrible arrangement! But how do the ladies do?" I queried.

"Oh, dey is poorty well, I tank you."

How Sergeant Hiles Saved His Scalp *

An Incident of the Sioux War of 1863

By GEORGE P. BELDEN

Here is a glimpse of what Indian warfare was like to the individual soldier, on the Western Plains in the Sixties. In 1863 the Sioux of the Platte Valley "broke out" and the "government determined to chastise" them. An expedition was organized, rendezvousing at North

Platte, consisting of the First Nebraska Cavalry, Twelfth Missouri Cavalry, a detachment of Second United States and Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Colonel Brown, the senior officer, commanding the whole.

SOME of the operations and personal adventures of this expedition have been told by George P. Belden *, then belonging to the First Nebraska Cavalry. Belden was a famous trapper, scout and guide, and was known as the White Chief. He afterwards became an officer in the regular army. His account, in part, runs as follows:

The snow was quite deep on the plains, and knowing that the hostile Indians, who were then encamped on the Republican River, were encumbered by their villages, women and children, it was thought to be a favorable time to strike them a severe blow . . . Early in January the expedition left the Platte River, and marched southward toward the Republican. When we reached the river a depot of supplies was established and named Camp Wheaton . . . This done, the scouting began, and we were ready for war . . .

Colonel Brown called for volunteer scouts, stating he would

give a purse of five hundred dollars to any one who would discover a village of Indians and lead the command to the spot. The glittering prize dazzled the eyes of many a soldier, but few had the courage to undertake so hazardous an enterprise.

Sergeant Hiles, of the First Nebraska, and Sergeant Rolla, of the Seventh Iowa, came forward and said they would go upon the expedition provided they could go alone. Both were shrewd, sharp men, and Colonel Brown readily gave his consent, well knowing that in scouting, where the object is not to fight, but to gain information and keep concealed, the fewer men in the party the better their chances to escape.

Sergeant Hiles (a week later) related to me his adventures after leaving camp, and I will here repeat them as a sequel to my own. He said:

Rolla and I travelled several days, and finally pulled up on Prairie Dog Creek. We had

* "The White Chief", by George P. Belden. Ed. by General James S. Brisbin: Pub. C. F. Vent, Cincinnati, 1872.

seen no Indians and were becoming careless, believing there were none in the country. One morning just about day-break I built a fire, and while Rolla and I were warming ourselves we were fired upon by some forty Indians. Rolla fell, pierced through the heart, and died instantly. How I escaped I know not, for the balls whistled all around me, knocking up the fire, and even piercing my clothing, yet I was not so much as scratched.

I ran to my horse, which was saddled and tied near by, and flinging myself on his back, dashed across the prairies. The Indians followed, whooping and yelling like devils, and although their ponies ran well, they could not overtake my swift-footed Selim. I had got well ahead of them, and was congratulating myself on my escape from a terrible death, when suddenly Selim fell headlong into a ravine that was filled with drifted snow. It was in vain I tried to extricate him; the more he struggled the deeper he sank.

Knowing the Indians would be up in a few minutes, I cut the saddle-girths with my knife, that the horse might be freer in his movements, and then, bidding him lie still, I took my pistols and burrowed into the snow beside him. After I had dug down a little way, I struck off in the drift, and worked myself along it toward the valley. I had not tunnelled far before I heard the Indians coming, and, push-

ing my head, I cut a small hole in the crust of the snow, so I could peep out. As the savages came up they began to yell, and Selim, making a great bound, leaped upon the solid earth at the edge of the ravine, and, dragging himself out of the drift, galloped furiously across the prairies. Oh! how I wished then I was on his back, for I knew the noble fellow would soon bear me out of reach of all danger.

The Indians divided, part of them going up the ravine and crossing over to pursue Selim, while the rest dismounted to look for his rider. They carefully examined the ground all around to find my trail, but not finding any, they returned and searched up and down the ravine for me. Two or three times they punched in the snow near me, and once an Indian passed within a few feet of the hole. Great drops of perspiration stood on my forehead, and every moment I expected to be discovered, dragged out, and scalped, but I remained perfectly still, grasping my pistols, and determined to make it cost the redskins at least three of their number.

After a while the Indians got tired of searching for me, and drew off to consult. I saw the party that had gone in pursuit of Selim rejoin their companions, and I was not a little gratified to observe they did not bring back my gallant steed with them, from which I knew he made his escape.

The Indians mounted and rode down the ravine, examin-

ing every inch of ground for my trail. As I saw them move off, hope once more revived in my breast; but in an hour they came back and again searched the drift. At least, however, they went off without finding me, and I lay down to rest, so exhausted was I, from watching and excitement, that I could not stand. I knew I did not dare to sleep, for it was very cold, and a stupor would come over me. All that day and night, and the next day, I lay in the drift, for I knew the Indians were watching it.

On the second night, as soon as it was dark, I crawled out, and worked my way to the

foot of the ravine. At first I was so stiff and numb I could hardly move hand or foot, but as I crawled along, the blood began to warm up, and soon I was able to walk. I crept cautiously along the bluffs until I had cleared the ravine, and then, striking out on the open prairie, steered to the northward. Fortunately, the first day I shot an antelope and got some raw meat, which kept me from starving. In two days and a half I reached the camp, nearly dead from fatigue and hunger, and was thoroughly glad to be at home in my tent once more, with a whole scalp on my head.



“BOB,” now called Belmont Bob, is the body servant of General Clernand, and at the battle of Belmont it is said of him that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted and slid rapidly down, when an officer seeing the action, called out—

“Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse.”

Merely looking up as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied—

“Can’t ’bey, colonel; major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger’s worf mor’n a horse.”—From “Thrilling Stories of the Great Rebellion,” by Lieut.-Col. Charles S. Greene; Pub. John E. Potter & Co., Philadelphia, 1865.

The Treasure Coach Robbery *

And Why the Deadwood Judge Never Saw a Hold-up

By ESTELLINE BENNETT

THE Cold Springs Canon robbery in 1878 is one of the most famous in Black Hills history because it was the one time the treasure coach—a traveling vault with an armed guard—ever was attacked. The treasure coach, built especially for carrying Black Hills gold bullion to the railroad on its way to the mint, was lined with heavy steel plate and carried, besides the regular messenger—the courier of the stage—an extra armed guard.

It made the journey several times between Deadwood and Sidney, Nebraska, with its precious load of bullion with the six-shooters lying across the knees of the guards unneeded all the way until the day it drew up to the fancied security of Cold Springs Canon stage station.

It was a wild, remote location at the head of a deep, heavily-timbered canon. All around it the mountains rose thick with pines. The only approach was along the stage road. Yet one man stayed there alone and unafraid to tend the horses and take care of the station business. He was sitting on a bench in front of the log stable, in one corner of which he had his living quarters, reading an

old magazine a stagecoach passenger had given him, when a stranger came around the corner of the stable and asked for a drink of water. When the stock tender came back with a dipper full of water, he faced the barrel of a six-shooter.

Half an hour later the treasure coach pulled up in front of the station. Big 'Gene was on the box driving; Scott Davis, chief messenger, sat beside him; and Gale Hill, a messenger, and two other men were inside with the gold. Everything around the station was quiet—alarmingly quiet. 'Gene had thrown his lines to the ground and was preparing to dismount. There was no rattle of harness or stamping of horses, no friendly greeting from the lonely stock tender.

As Big 'Gene threw his ribbons to the ground, he was met by a fusillade of bullets. One of the men in the coach was killed. Gale Hill received wounds from which he died in Deadwood several years later. Scott Davis made for the timber and fired so fast and furiously that the road agents took Big 'Gene, whom they had captured and disarmed, and using him as a shield, stopped Davis' firing.

Then they compelled the driver to take a pick and open the treasure box, and appropriating The \$45,000 worth of gold bullion, mounted their horses and rode away.

Inside the station the stock tender was found bound and gagged. On the floor of the coach a third messenger who had been playing dead, came to life, and a road agent lying wounded in the road, was so infuriated at his companions for leaving him to his fate, that he told their names, and their haunts; information that made it possible to capture most of them, send them promptly to the penitentiary, and recover the greater part of the bullion. After that the treasure coach went its way in safety.

Why The Judge Never Saw a Hold-up

Back and forth over those hazardous roads my father (Judge Granville G. Bennett) traveled several times a year. He went by all the various routes — Sidney, Bismarck, Pierre, at all times of the year, and he never saw a road agent. He heard wild tales of them along the way. He knew about that first bold holdup under the very shadow of the law he had just brought into Deadwood. He knew of the famous Cold Springs Canon robbery and dozens of others. Many road agents were tried before him and sentenced to prison. He knew that the narrow gulches and dark

places along the stage ways were full of them and their sure, wicked guns. The coach ahead of him was held up more than once and he and his fellow passengers came into meal stations to hear the thrilling tales of what they narrowly had missed. Travelers in coach that followed his had climbed out at the behest of the masked gentlemen and held up their hands while their pockets and boots and hats were rifled. But the stagecoach in which father traveled trundled along over the perilous paths as safely as though it had been wending its way through a quiet lane in a peaceful countryside.

Once, long years after, when the railroads were running into the hills and the country was all settled and safe, father met a reformed road agent down at Rapid City and talked to him about those old days.

"It's strange," father said, "that I never was in a hold-up. I traveled in and out a great deal and I never saw any of you. I've always thought it was very curious."

The reformed road agent laughed. "No, Judge," he said, "that wasn't strange and it wasn't an accident. We always knew what stage you were on and we wouldn't take any chances of having you recognize us if we got caught and were brought up before you. The safest place in the world from road agents was always in the coach with you."

Big Foot's "Tremenduous Hug" *

"When Two Strong Men Stand Face to Face —"

AN INDIAN-WHITE MAN BATTLE OF THE 1780's

THE following account of the desperate struggle of Adam Poe is from M'-Clung's interesting sketches:

About the middle of July, 1782, seven Wyandotts crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore, killing an old man, whom they found alone in his cabin, and spreading terror throughout the neighborhood. Within a few hours after their retreat, eight men assembled from different parts of the small settlement and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength, action and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed, and inured to all the perils of the woods.

They had not followed the trail far before they became satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foote, a renowned chief of the Wyandotte tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had five brothers, also but little inferior to himself in size and

courage, and as they generally went in company, they were the terror of the whole country.

Adam Poe was overjoyed at the idea of measuring his strength with that of so celebrated a chief, and urged the pursuit with a keenness that quickly brought him into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles of the trail had led them up the southern banks of the Ohio, where the footprints in the sand were deep and obvious . . . Here Adam halted for a moment, and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows directly to the point where he supposed the enemy to lie. Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously through the bushes, until he had a view of . . . two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however, that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below, he peered cautiously over, and beheld the object of his search.

*From "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Adventures, or Life in the West;" by J. C. Van Tramps, Pub. Col. O. Segner, 1867.

The gigantic Big Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side. Adam cautiously drew back, and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his gun was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took a steady aim at Big Foot's breast and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprang to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second all three stared upon each other. This inactivity, however, was soon over.

Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon a cast of the die, he sprang over the bush which had sheltered him, and summoning all his powers, leaped boldly down the precipice and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock which bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the neck of the smaller Indian, so that all three came to the earth together.

At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to anything but themselves. Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was en-

abled to keep them both down. But the exertion necessary for that purpose was so great that he had no leisure to use his knife. Big Foot quickly recovered, and without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a boa constrictor!

Adam, as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal. But never had he yet felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian, who sprang to his feet. Big Foot then ordered him to run for his tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man, while he held him in his arms. Adam, seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached him with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched closely, and as he was about to strike, gave him a kick so sudden and violent as to knock the tomahawk from his hand and send him staggering back into the water.

Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian tongue which Adam could not understand, but

supposed to be directions for a second attack. The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted for several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot compelled his companion to strike. Such was Adam's dexterity and vigilance, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk, in a glancing direction, upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply but not disabling him.

He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle (for the Indian could not venture to shoot for fear of hurting his companion) he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose, and placing one hand upon Adam's collar and the other upon his hip, pitched him ten feet into the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell upon his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again upon his feet; and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength.

It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in

the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity and experience as a pugilist gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself dropping to leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other. The Indian, being unused to such violent exertion and having been much injured by the first sock in his stomach, was unable to exert the same powers which had given him such a decided superiority at first; and Adam, seizing him by the scalp lock, put his head under water, and held it there, until the faint struggles of the Indian induced him to believe he was drowned, whereupon he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian, however, to use Adam's own expression, "had only been POS-SUMING!" He instantly regained his feet, and in turn put his white adversary under.

In the struggle, both were carried out into the current, beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for his life. There was still one loaded rifle on the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved to be the more expert swimmer,

and Adam, seeing that he should be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive and thus frustrate his enemy's intention.

At this instant, Adam's brother Andrew, having heard that his brother was alone in a struggle with two Indians, and in great danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him. Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river, covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for an Indian and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian upon the shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged.

Fortunately, Big Foot had also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the lesser Indian, so that both were upon an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry threw it into the river, and while he ran to regain it, Andrew gained advantage. Still the Indian was but a second too late; for his gun was at his shoulder, when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands and he fell forward upon his face upon the very margin of the river.

Andrew, now alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river in order to bring him ashore—but Adam, more intent upon securing the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called loudly upon his brother to leave him alone and scalp the big Indian, who was now endeavoring to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of saving his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted upon saving the living before attending to the dead. Big Foot, in the meantime, had succeeded in reaching the deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves, without being stripped of the ornament and pride of an Indian.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandott nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news of this calamity threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage, and their superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition had saved many prisoners from the stake, and had given a milder character to the warfare of the Indians

in that part of the country. A chier of the same name was alive in that part of the country so late as 1792, but whether a brother or a son of Big Foot, is not known.

Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after his memorable conflict; but never forgot the tremendous "hug" which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

The Baby and the Cannon Ball

An Anecdote of the Civil War

FROM the book, "Four Years Under Marse Robert," the personal reminiscences of Confederate Robert Stiles, Major of Artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia, comes the following unusual war-time incident. It is at the battle of Fredericksburg, in December of '62. The Federals have finally succeeded in driving Barksdale's Mississippians from the river front, and the Union army is crossing into Fredericksburg.

"The Twenty-first Mississippi," writes Major Stiles, "was the last regiment to leave the city, retiring to Marye's Heights . . . Buck Denman, a Mississippi bear hunter and a superb specimen of manhood, was color sergeant of the Twenty-first. Tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, he was rough as a bear in manner, but withal a noble, tender-hearted fellow, and a splendid soldier. The enemy, finding the way now clear, were coming up the street,

full company front, with flags flying and bands playing, while the great shells from the siege guns were bursting over their heads and dashing their hurtling fragments after our retreating skirmishers. Buck was behind the corner of a house taking sight for a last shot. Just as his fingers trembled on the trigger, a little three-year-old, fair-haired, baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a big shell that was rolling lazily along the pavement, she clapping her little hands and the dog snapping and barking furiously at the cannon ball.

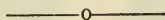
"Buck's hand dropped from the trigger. He dashed it across his eyes to dispel the mist and make sure he hadn't passed over the river and wasn't seeing his own baby girl in a heavenly vision. No, there is the baby, amid the hell of shot and shell, and here comes the enemy! A moment and he has grounded his gun, dashed out into the

storm, swept his great right arm around the baby, gained cover again, and, baby clasped to his breast and musket trailed in his left hand, is trotting after the boys up to Marye's Heights. And there behind that historic stone wall, and in the lines hard by, all those hours and days of terror was that baby kept; her fierce nurses taking turns patting her, while the storm of battle raged and shrieked, and at night wrestling with each other for the boon and benediction of her quiet breathing under their blankets. Never was a baby so cared for. They scoured the country side for milk, and conjured up their best skill to prepare dainty viands for her little ladyship.

"When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn to his strongholds across the river, and Barksdale was ordered to reoccupy the town, the Twenty-first Mississippi was given the place of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental col-

ors could not be found. Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, baby in arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front. Swinging her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, he shouted, 'Forward, Twenty-first, here are your colors!' and without further order, off started the brigade toward the town, yelling as only Barksdale's men could yell. They were passing through a street fearfully shattered by the enemy's fire, and were shouting their very souls out—but let Buck himself describe the last scene in the drama:

"I was holding the baby high, Major, with both arms, when above all the racket I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell, and laying her gently down, put her baby on her bosom. She was most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut; and — and — I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once."



AT the tremendous battle of Lake Erie, when in the sweeping havoc that was sometimes made a number of men were shot away from around a gun, the survivors looked silently around to Perry—and then stepped into their places. When he looked at the poor fellows who lay wounded and weltering on the deck, he always found their faces turned towards him, and their eyes fixed on his countenance. It is impossible for words to heighten the simple and affecting eloquence of this anecdote. It speaks volumes in praise of the heroism of the commander, and the confidence and affection of his men:—From Freeman Hunt's "American Anecdotes, 1830.

"Lincoln and His Gentle Annie" *

--A Touching Incident"

From The Virginia, (Ill.) "Enquirer", March 1, 1879

From an old-time book of "Lincoln Stories," published in 1879, we glean this old-timer ac-

THE following interesting particulars connected with the early life of Abraham Lincoln, are from the Virginia (Ill.) "Enquirer," of date March 1, 1879:

John McNamer was buried last Sunday, near Petersburg, Menard County. A long while ago he was Assessor and Treasurer of the county for several successive terms. Mr. McNamer was an early settler in that section, and before the Town of Petersburg was laid out in business at Old Salem, a village that existed many years ago two miles south of the present site of Petersburg. Abe Lincoln was then postmaster of the place, and sold whiskey to its inhabitants. There are old-timers yet living in Menard who bought many a jug of corn-juice from Old Abe when he lived at Salem. It was here that Annie Rutledge dwelt, and in whose grave Lincoln wrote that his heart was buried. As the story runs, the fair and gentle Annie was originally John McNamer's sweetheart, but Abe took a "snine" to the young lady and succeeded in heading off McNamer, and

count of Abraham Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. The wording and spelling are a verbatim transcript:

won her affection. But Annie Rutledge died, and Lincoln went to Springfield, where he sometimes afterwards married.

It is related that during the war a lady belonging to a prominent Kentucky family visited Washington to beg for her son's pardon, who was then in prison under sentence of death for belonging to a band of guerillas who had committed many murders and outrages. With the mother was her daughter, a beautiful young lady, who was an accomplished musician. Mr. Lincoln received the visitors in his usual kind manner, and the mother made known the object of her visit, accompanying her plea with tears and sobs and all the customary dramatic incidents.

There were probably extenuating circumstances in favor of the young Rebel prisoner, and while the President seemed to be deeply pondering, the young lady moved to a piano near by, and taking a seat commenced to sing "Gentle Annie," a very sweet and pathetic ballad, which, before the war, was a familiar song in almost every household in the Union, and is not

*From "Anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln and Lincoln's Stories," Edited by I. B. McClure; Pub. Rhodes I. McClure, Publishers, Chicago 1879.

yet entirely forgotten, for that matter.

It is to be presumed the young lady sang the song with more plaintiveness and effect than Old Abe had ever heard it in Springfield. During its rendition, he arose from his seat, crossed the room to a window in the westward, through which he gazed for several minutes with that "sad, far-away look," which has so often been noted as one of his peculiarities. His memory, no doubt, went back to the days of his humble life on the banks of the Sangamon, and with visions of Old Salem and its rustic people, who once gathered in his primitive store, came a picture of the "Gentle Annie" of his youth, whose ashes had rested for many long years under the wild flowers and

brambles of the old rural burying-ground, but whose spirit then, perhaps, guided him to the side of mercy.

Be that as it may, Mr. Lincoln drew a large red silk handkerchief from his coat-pocket, with which he wiped his face vigorously. Then he turned, advanced quickly to his desk, wrote a brief note, which he handed to the lady, and informed her that it was the pardon she sought.

The scene was no doubt touching in a great degree, and proves that a nice song, well sung, has often a powerful influence in recalling tender recollections. It proves, also, that Abraham Lincoln was a man of fine feelings, and that, if the occurrence was a put-up job on the lady's part, it accomplished its purpose all the same.

No Calico for Baby's Dress *

Some Problems in Establishing a Pioneer Home

THE young folks in an old settled country have a very faint knowledge of the daily hardships and privations endured by first settlers.

To have a view of Medina County and its inhabitants, and contrast then and now, the change would be truly great. It was not uncommon in pioneer times to find a young man, with no implement but axe, engaged, solitary and alone, felling the for-

est and making the first opening.

A rude hut, hastily constructed, was his dwelling; a piece of pork, a loaf of corn bread, and a few potatoes his dainty and daily food. A pronged stick was his fork, a split slab his table, and a few leaves and a quilt his bed. There he toiled, there he cooked, ate, and slept soundly, for many weeks without seeing or conversing with any human being. At night when

* From "Pioneer History of Medina County, Ohio," By Nira B. Northrop (1791-1878). Pub., Geo. Redway, Printer, Medina, O., 1861.

the rushing winds ceased to make the forest vocal, the wolves were the only tribe that serenaded him with their wild music.

After months of trial and privation, by the industry of the young man the opening is made, the rude cabin erected; and thoughts of seeking and gaining a companion are entertained. The more comfortable homes of his nativity are revisited by him, his school-mate is thought upon, the future prospects in the western wilderness are portended the same young man who had lived alone becomes a husband, and in company with his wife returns to his cabin.

To entertain his better half (using his own language) the bed must be reconstructed, and additional furniture and tableware must be provided. With axe and saw he made a bedstead, on which was placed a tow tick, filled with fall grass. A large pocket knife did all the carving, two short blocks were the chairs, and a puncheon, hewed by the axe, was the table.

In process of time there were strong evidences that a little calico would be needed. To procure it the young husband travelled nine miles, but got there too late. All the calico was sold, and the merchant had not cloth of any kind that would make a little frock. He returned weary and disappointed to his home, and sorrowfully told his wife of his disappointment. The

good wife informed him that she could make a pretty decent frock out of a pair of his old tow trousers.

In due time the little stranger came, and was furnished with the frock. Years came and went, the child became a man. The father and mother died, that son was their heir, and in the course of 35 years from the first opening made by his father, he sold the farm for \$1750, went to the west, where he now resides, surrounded with all that makes life agreeable.

To one of our modern belles, such a life would be intolerable. Let not such condemn. Their grandmother used the spinning-wheel for a piano, a split broom, made by her husband, swept the puncheon floor, and the ox team hauled her and her family to church. Such pioneers are worthy of grateful remembrance.

Many now ride in carriages whose grandfathers resided in cabins, the windows of which were constructed by cutting out a log, putting in slots perpendicularly and horizontally, and using paper greased with bear's oil or hog-lard instead of glass. Not a few of the early settlers ground their corn in a hand mill, or pounded it in a hommony block with the but end of an iron wedge. The finer part of the corn meal was used for bread, the coarser portion was used as hommony, which when boiled was considered by many delicious food.

The Love of an Indian Maid

How Spotted Tail's Daughter Loved a White Man

By COLONEL HENRY INMAN

THE celebrated Sioux chief, Sin-ta-gal-las-ca, Spotted Tail, when young always wore a coon tail in his hair, hence his name. Connected with the history of this famous Warrior, there is a pathetic episode, which shows the better side of Indian character.

Spotted Tail had a daughter, who was very beautiful, according to the savage idea. She fell in love with an army officer stationed at Fort Laramie. He did not reciprocate her passion, and plainly told the dusky maiden he could never marry her. The poor girl visited the fort every day, and would sit for hours on the porch of her beloved's quarters until he came out, and then she would quietly follow about with the fidelity of a dog. She seemed to ask no greater pleasure than to look at him, be near him, and was ever miserable when out of his sight.

Spotted Tail, who was cognizant of his daughter's affection for the young army officer, remonstrated with her in vain, and when he found that he could not conquer her foolish passion, sent her away to a remote band of his tribe. She obediently

went without murmuring, but, arrived at her destination, she refused food, and actually pined away until she became a mere skeleton.

Spotted Tail was sent for, to see her die. He hastened to her bed of robes and found her almost gone. With the little strength she had left she told her father of her great love for the whites, and made him promise that he would ever after her death live at peace with them. Then she appeared to be very happy, and closing her eyes said, "This is my last request, bury me at Fort Laramie," then died. The old chief carried her body to the fort, and interred it with the whites, where she wished to live.

The grave of the unfortunate maiden had been carelessly marked, and as long as the fort was garrisoned it continued to be an object of great interest.

Spotted Tail, after the death of his daughter, never spoke in council with the whites without referring to her request, and declared it to be his wish to live at peace with the people she loved so well.—From "The Great Salt Lake Trail," by Col. Henry Inman, U. S. A.; Pub. Crane & Co., Topeka, 1914.

The Origin of "Decoration Day"

Logan's Famous Order No. 11, which
Established May 30th as Memorial Day

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Adjutant General's Office,
446 Fourteenth Street

Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868

General Order No. 11

I. The 30th Day of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion, and whose bodies now lie almost in every city, village, and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths in-

vite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism or avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided Republic.

If other eyes dull, and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

II. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing it to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

III. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective. By order of

JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant General.

Official:
Wm. T. Collins, A. A. G.

On the Reading of History *

The Profit as well as the Pleasure of Reading Historical Anecdote

“The whole course of affairs in the French Revolution,” says a distinguished writer, “might have been changed if the king, in his flight from Paris, had not stopped to breakfast; or had not Drouet, the Post Master of Varennes, happened to recognize him.”

The editor of the following pages will be exceedingly disappointed, if the reading of the above quotation does not lead many to whom the fact named is new, to read the entire history of those memorable transactions, so intimately connected with this fact.

The human mind is a machine, if it may be so called, of the most wonderful construction. If an object be faithfully presented, if the right string be touched, its ten thousand wheels will be immediately put in motion. If curiosity be properly awakened habits of slothfulness, of indifference, of indecision, will at once be laid aside; and the individual whose mind was before a mere blank will devote himself to reading and study with the most happy results. Hundreds have in this way risen from obscurity to renown; from ignorance to highest eminence in literature and science.

A work on the plan of the following well prepared, is the best calculated to produce such effects on the intellectual character of man.

A well chosen historical or biographical anecdote will frequently induce persons to a course of reading, that will make them familiar with a great variety of events, of which they were before ignorant.


It is believed that the following anecdotes will be found peculiarly interesting, as many of them relate to that portion of American history, and to those distinguished men, forever dear to the virtuous and patriotic bosom. Whatever tends to illustrate the principles, and to display the characters, of those who achieved our Revolution, will be read with pleasure, as long as the love of country shall animate the breast.

The editor has employed the leisure hours of an active life in collecting what he has here thrown together. It has been his aim to combine instruction with amusement; nothing has been admitted into the work calculated to create a feeling of irreverence for any of the social or Christian sympathies of our nature.

* “American Anecdotes, Original and Select,” By “An American” (Freeman Hunt).
Pub., Putnam & Hunt, Boston, 1830.

"Oh, that Glorious West" *

"All the Elements of Romance were Crowded
into the Making of Our Great West"

 H, that glorious West! The magic and the memory of it! How it thrilled us in our boyhood, how it held us in our youth, how the dream of it filled our young pulsing manhood, till there was none other! "O, to be in England, now that April's there!" once sang Browning, but the song in the heart of young America, forty years ago and more, was the glorious, boundless West! I crossed the bare Kansas and Colorado plains in the month of March, 1880, — when the Great West was still a vision, yet largely a dream; when scarce, small clumps of buffalo could still be seen from the car windows. I shook hands at the bar of the St. James Hotel in Denver with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack in full buckskin regalia,—still to be seen and known in their habit as they lived.

Yet it was the dawning of a new day for the West and all men knew it. The old order passeth, and so it was here; a new West was coming in, and the great pioneer heroes of an earlier day shook hands with the derby-hatted tenderfoot from the East and tilted glasses in friendly companionship. But the old West—the great, the never-to-be-forgotten epic of our newer civilization — still lingered, and happy, yes, a hero of sorts was he of the East who still sniffed the footprints. Railroads were still largely a dream; the Union Pacific had cut the boundless wastes of the great desert and made travel to California an actuality; but a second great transcontinental iron path was still largely a possibility.

The footprints of the pioneers were everywhere; ech-

THE history of America is the story of the trail-makers, pioneers in every sense of the word. Our forefathers had trails to make in new fields of government, of invention and in city building; but before all, smoothing the way for all, came the men and women who explored and ploughed and planted the wilderness. Their story will grow in interest as the years pass. Their deeds have already taken on something of the dim quality of heroic myths. They form the most distinctive of our contributions to history and poetry.—Hamlin Garland, in Foreword to "The Pioneer West."

*From "Preface", by Joseph Lewis French, to "The Pioneer West; a Collection of Immortal Tales of the Far West", Edited by Joseph Lewis French; pub. Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y.

oes of the pathfinder were yet in the air; gold and silver were being found every day in the wilderness of the Rockies; new camps—reachable only by the primitive stage coach, whose final departure in an older realm had been magniloquently signed over by old Sir Walter—were springing up overnight; Leadville had a population of thirty thousand and not a score of streets named; Buena Vista, at eleven thousand feet above sea level, was a dream of the gods! Away to the South were Silver Cliff and Rosita, with their hitherto uncombed rocks pouring out fortunes. Ouray was an acknowledged bonanza; and into the Gunnison country poured a steady stream of prairie-wagons over mountain trails that the Indian himself did not know. The plains held unlimited resources in the golden imagination of the pioneer! Was there ever such a dream as his—of sheep and cattle by the thousands—such flocks as Abraham never dreamed of; and away to the South, boundless, unconceived of possibilities, an absolute Eldorado!

Such was the great, the Golden West—to make no concrete mention of California—when the compiler of these pages first felt the urge and surge toward it. Horace Greeley's paen was in the air: "Go West, young man." And most of us did; and whether fortune or its reverse came, there is not a

man of us in whom the red blood flows still that can ever forget that splendid scene. If to the survivor, as to the more or less belated traveler, some echo of it lives in these pages, he has done his work faithfully.

This, then, is an outdoor book. The breath of the prairie, the mountain, the desert, the lake, the sea blows through its pages. It describes for the most part an outdoor life,—a life that in its main aspects and features is the most stirring and eventful chapter in the history of any new civilization.

All the elements of romance were crowded into the making of our great West; not a single one is lacking. It was the last great scene in the history of world-pioneering, and contains episodes, like the discovery of gold in California, that are epic. The tale in its infinite variety has been told by many writers; some of whom have passed into oblivion, but have left us living pages; others of them belong to our best literary tradition; a few are among our immortals. It is impossible in a volume of this size to give more than a vivid glance at the scope and importance of this vast literature. The compiler has endeavored to convey an impression of the general scene inspired by the men who were themselves its living actors. "All of which I saw, and part of which I was" has been his motto in

gathering his material. He has therefore some hope that he has presented, at least in degree, a living picture of a great drama, now vanished

forever, and which undoubtedly can never be paralleled in the annals of world civilization. — Joseph Lewis French.

Was Dodge City Really So Wicked? *

A first-hand Opinion of a Pioneer of "Dodge"

By ROBERT M. WRIGHT

CONCURRENT with the release of another Hollywood epic of the pioneer West, "Dodge City," new interest will be awakened in this town, famed in its early days as "the most wicked town in existence." We quote from the Preface and Introduction to a book which gives a pioneer's viewpoint, as told by that pioneer himself. The complete title of this book is, "Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital; and The Great Southwest, in the days of the wild Indian, the buffalo, the cowboy, dance halls, gambling halls and bad men, By Robert M. Wright, Plainsman, Explorer, Scout, Pioneer, Trader and Settler, Wichita, Kans., Pub., Wichita Eagle Press, 1913."

FROM "Preface," by N. B. Klaine . . . The history of Dodge City includes a wider environment than the ordinary city or town, because it was the focus of a range of country two hundred miles north, south, east, west . . . an extent equal to that of a state.

Upon this axis revolved and oscillated the bull-whacker, the buffalo hunter, the cowboy, the humble citizen and the desperado. The character and life of this mixed class of citizenship was greatly sharpened and enhanced by reason of the strenuous and characteristic impulses which governed the circumstances in pursuit and development.

There was nothing passive in the life of the plainsman. The objective was the supreme motive; for he stood in face of danger, and his quickness of intuition and sense of warning kept always alert. A character built up under such conditions must have been able to cope with the danger and hardship incident to a country infested with warlike bands of Indians, and of outlaws who followed on the flanks of civilization.

It is the author of this book, Honorable R. M. Wright, we wish to emphasize in this simple explanation. Mr. Wright came to the plains country a few years before the Civil War.

*"Dodge City, the Cowboy Capital", by Robert M. Wright. Pub. Wichita Eagle Press
Wichita, Kansas 1913

As a young man, active and vigorous, he became imbued with a spirit of chivalry and courage, followed by those traits of character inevitable to this kind of life: charity and benevolence. Many of the narratives in this book are largely his own personal experiences; and they are written without display of rhetoric or fiction.

In everything, Mr. Wright took the initiative, for he had the ability and had acquired an influence to accomplish whatever he undertook. Possessing wealth, at one time, he fostered every enterprise and gave impetus of its accomplishment. These are living examples of his public spirit and generosity; and these are living memories of his charitable deeds and benevolent gifts. This book is a fitting testimonial to his life and character . . . Mr. Wright will give this book as furnishing an example of what constitutes greatness in life; for few men have passed a severer ordeal, in greater hardship, and in more danger of life.—N. B. Klaine.

FROM "Introduction," by Robert M. Wright.—At the solicitation of many friends and acquaintances as well as a great many people who are desirous of knowing about early life in the wild west and the Great American Desert, especially in wicked Dodge City, I write these true stories and historical facts.

This task is a pleasant one. As I look back and endeavor to recall the events of that period, a kaleidoscopic panorama presents itself to my mind—a picture ever changing, ever restless, with no two days alike in experience. In those days one lived ten years of life in one calendar year. Indians, drought, buffaloes, bad men, the long horn, and, in fact, so many characteristic features of that time present themselves that I am at loss where to begin.

I have after thought that did I possess but an atom of the genius of a Kipling, what an interesting narrative might I write of the passing events of that period.

It would be another forceful proof of the trite saying that, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

Had I but kept a diary of each day's events as they occurred, from the first time I entered the great West, what rich food it would be to the novelist, and how strange to the present generation would be the reading.

If you wish to feel yourself more comfortable than a king while listening to the sweetest strain of music, come back into a warm, pleasant home with its comforts and listen to the crackle of a cheerful, open wood fire, after being out in cold and storm for a month or two, never, during that time, being near a house or comfortable habitation, while every moment being in

terror of Indian attack, or suffering from cold and storm really more terrible than Indian attack, sitting up the greater part of the night to keep from freezing, and riding hard all day on the morrow. In the joy of the change, you will imagine yourself in the heaven of heavens.

How many of us have often experienced these feelings on the frontier of Kansas in the early days. Yet this kind of life gives one a zest for adventure, for it is a sort of adventure to which he not only becomes accustomed but attached. In fact, there is a fascination about it difficult to resist, and, having and felt its power, one could not permit himself to give it up.

In writing these stories, I have yielded to the request of many friends, principally, for the reason that there are but few men left who saw these things, and I, too, will soon pass away. But before I go, I want to leave behind a feeble description of the greatest game country on earth, as well as of the game that roamed over it, and of its people, and various phases of life.

No doubt, many readers of this book are reared in Christian homes under proper influences, and, by reason of wholesome teachings, parental care and guidance and pure environment, will naturally conclude that Dodge City, in its early period, did not offer the best social climate in the world.

Dodge City has been quoted all over the United States as the most wicked town in existence. The New York papers refer to it as such, the Washington papers do the same—so it goes. From New York to Washington, from Washington to New Orleans, from New Orleans to St. Louis, from St. Louis to Chicago, and from there back to Kansas, if horrible crime is committed, they say, "That is almost as bad, as wicked, as Dodge City."

But, in extenuation of the conduct of her early inhabitants, I plead the newness of the territory, the conditions of life, the dangers and associations of a western frontier, and the daring and reckless spirit that such conditions engender.

I also insist that Dodge City was not the worst place on earth and at last I have heard of a town which was equal to, if not worse than, Dodge City, and, by way of comparison, I here quote a graphic picture taken from the "Virginia City Chronicle," published in the '70's, of another bad town.

"There are saloons all over the place, and whisky four bits a drink. They put two barrels upon end, nail a board across for a bar and deal out. A miner who wants to treat pours some gold dust on the barrel head and says, "Set 'em up!". They never weigh the dust. Sometimes a man won't put down enough dust, but they never say a word,

and if he's a little drunk and puts up ten or fifteen dollars' worth they never mention it. They nave three faro banks running all the time. They don't use checks, for the boys, when they won a pile of checks they threw them all over the place and some of them were too drunk to handle them. So the checks got played out. Now a man puts a little gold dust on a dollar greenback and it goes for two dollars worth of dust, or a ten-dollar greenback goes for twenty dollars, and so on—don't weigh the dust at all but guess the amount. We have a daily paper—that is, sometimes it's daily, and then when the compositors get drunk it doesn't come out for several days. If a man wants gun wadding he goes and pays four bits for a newspaper. Whenever they start a new city government they print a lot of city ordinances, then there's a grand rush for

the paper. Sometimes it comes out twice a week and sometimes twice a day. Every man in Deadwood carries about fourteen pounds of firearms hitched to his belt, and they never pass any words. The fellow that gets his gun out first is the best man and they lug off the other fellow's body. Our graveyard is a big institution and a growing one. Sometimes, however, the place is right quiet. I've known times when a man wasn't killed for twenty-four hours. Then again they lay out five or six a day. When a man gets too handy with his shooting irons and kills five or six, they think he isn't safe, and somebody pops him over to rid the place of him. They don't kill him for what he has done, but for what he's liable to do. I suppose the average deaths amount to about one hundred a month.



BOYS are not always mischievous and troublesome. There was the sixteen-year-old lad sitting on the deck of a sailing vessel bound from Boston to Calcutta 'way back in 1838. He appeared idle enough, hacking away at a stick with a regular Yankee jack-knife. But he wan't idle. He was making something—the model of a brand new kind of firearm—and when he got through, this youngster, whose name, by the way, was Samuel Colt, had the pattern for the first Colt revolver the world had ever seen!

Mrs. Custer Waiting for Her General *

What it Meant to be a Pioneer Soldier's Wife

By ELIZABETH B. CUSTER

Elizabeth Bacon Custer, young wife of George Armstrong Custer, accompanied him to barracks and often on the march in most of his Indian campaigning in the early '70's. In her fascinating book, "Boots and Saddles," Mrs. Custer gives us many human pictures of army life, especially as experienced by the wives of officers and men. One of the most touching of these pictures, showing the life

and feelings of the woman who waits her soldier's return from battle, is given in the chapter on "The Summer of the Black Hills Expedition," the time when Custer made the discoveries that led to the gold rush of '76. The garrison where Custer's command was stationed at this period (1873-75) was Fort Abraham Lincoln, on the Missouri River, near Bismarck, N. D.

I USED to be thankful that ours was a mounted regiment on one account; if we had belonged to the infantry, the regiment would have been sent out much sooner. The horses were too valuable to have their lives endangered by encountering a blizzard, while it was believed that an enlisted man had enough pluck and endurance to bring him out of a storm in one way or another. Tardy as the spring was up there, the grass began at last to be suitable for grazing, and preparations for an expedition to the Black Hills were being carried on.

I had found out accidentally that my husband was fitting up an ambulance for travelling, and as he never rode in one himself, nor arranged to take one for his own comfort, I decided at once that he was planning to take me with him. Mary (Mrs. Custer's colored maid) and I

lived in such close quarters that she counted on going also, and went to the general to petition. To keep her from knowing that he intended to take us, he argued that we could not get along with so little room; that there was only to be allowed half a wagon for the camp outfit of the head-quarters mess. "You dun' know better'n that, giniral?", she replied; "me an' Miss Libbie could keep house in a flour barr'l."

At the very last, news came through Indian scouts that the summer might be full of danger, and my heart was almost broken at finding that the general did not dare to take me with him. Whatever peril might be awaiting me on the expedition, nothing could be equal to the suffering of suspense at home.

The black hour came again, and with it the terrible parting which seemed a foreshad-

*From "Boots and Saddles; or Life in Dakota with General Custer," by Elizabeth B. Custer. Pub. Harper & Bros., New York, 1885.

owing of the most intense anguish that our Heavenly Father can send to his children. When I resumed my life, and tried to portion off the day with occupations, in order that the time should fly faster, I found that the one silver thread running through the dark woof of the dragging hours was the hope of the letters we were promised. Scouts were to be sent back four times during the absence of the regiment.

The infantry came to garrison our post. In the event of attack, my husband left a Gatling gun on the hills at the rear of the camp. It is a small cannon, which is discharged by turning a crank that scatters the shot in all directions, and is especially serviceable at short range. A detachment of soldiers was stationed on the bluff back of us, that commanded the most extended view of the country . . . With what relief we looked up daily to the little group of tents, when we finally realized that we were alone.

The officer who commanded this little station was an old bachelor who did not believe in marriage in the army. Not knowing this, we told him with some enthusiasm, how safe and thankful we felt in having him for our defender. He quite checked our enthusiasm by replying, briefly, "that in case of attack, his duty was to protect Government property; the defense of women came last!" This was

the first instance I had ever known of an officer who did not believe a woman was God's best gift to man.

We were not effectually suppressed, for the only safe place in which we could walk was along the beat of the sentry, on the brow of the hill, near the tent of this zoological specimen. Here we rested every evening at twilight to try and get cool, for the sun burns fiercely during the short Northern summer. With the hot weather the mosquito war began—Fort Lincoln was celebrated as the worst place in the United States for these pests. The inundations recurring each spring opposite us, brought later in the year myriads of the insects; those I had known on the Red River of the South were nothing in comparison. If the wind was in a certain direction, they tormented us all day long.

I can see now how we women looked, taking our evening stroll: a little procession of fluttering females, with scarfs and over-dresses drawn over our heads, whisking handkerchiefs and beating the air with fans. It required constant activity to keep off the swarms of those wretched little insects that annoyed us every moment during our airing. In the evening we became almost desperate. It seemed hard, after our long winter's imprisonment, to miss a single hour out-of-doors during the short sum-

mer. . . . We fought in succession five varieties of mosquitoes; the last that came were the most vicious. They were so small they slid easily through the ordinary bar, and we had to put an inside layer of tarlatan on doors and windows. We did not venture to light a lamp in the evening, and at five o'clock the netting was let down over the beds, and doors and windows closed. When it came time to retire we removed our garments in another room, and grew skilful in making sudden sallies into the sleeping-room and quick plunges under the bar.

The cattle and horses suffered pitifully during the reign of the mosquitoes. They used to push their way into the underbrush to try if a thicket would afford them protection; if a fire were lighted for their relief, they huddled together on the side towards which the wind blew the smoke. As it was down by the river, they were worse off than ever. The cattle grew thin, for there were days when it was impossible for them to graze. We knew of their being driven mad and dying of exhaustion after a long season of torment. The poor dogs dug deep holes in the side of the hills, where they half smothered in their attempt to escape . . .

We were told, when the expedition started, that we might expect our first letters in two weeks. The mail was

delayed, unfortunately, and each day after the fortnight had expired seemed a month. In spite of all my efforts to be busy, there was little heart in any occupation. The women met together every day and read aloud in turn. Every one set to work to make a present for the absent ones with which to surprise them on their return. We played croquet. This was tame sport, however, for no one dared to vary the humdrum diversion by a brisk little quarrel, which is the usual accompaniment of that game. We feared to disagree even over trifles, for if we did it might end in our losing our only companionship.

We knew that we could not expect, in that climate, that the freshness of summer would last for more than a short time after the sun had come to its supremest in the way of heat. The drouth was unbroken; the dews were hardly perceptible. That year even our brief enjoyment of the verdure was cut short. A sirocco came up suddenly. The sky became copper-colored, and the air murky and stifling; the slightest touch of metal, or even the door-handles, almost blistered the fingers. The strong wind that blew seemed to shrivel the skin as it touched us. The grass was burned down into the roots, and we had no more of it that season. This wind lasted for two hours, and we could not keep back

apprehensions at the strange occurrence.

After that, during the summer, as we walked over the little space allowed us, our shoes were cut by the crisp stubble, and the sod was dry and unyielding under our feet. As far as we could see, the scorched earth sent up over its surface floating waves of heated atmosphere. No green thing was left. The only flowers that had not been scorched out of existence were the soap plants, which have a sword-like stalk, out of which grow the thick, creamy petals of its flower. The roots that extend for many feet in all directions near the surface of the soil, enable it to secure moisture sufficient to keep it alive.

The only other flower was the blue-bell, which dotted a hill where we were accustomed to climb in order to command a better view of the country in our efforts to discover the scouts with the mail. One can scarcely imagine how hungrily we gazed at those little blossoms. They swung lightly on their cunningly fashioned stems, that swayed and tossed the tiny azure cups, but withstood the strongest wind. I cannot see even a sketch of that flower now without thinking how grateful we were for them out there in that stripped and almost "God-forgotten" land. When we threw ourselves on the turf among them, the little bells almost seemed to us to ring out a tiny sound, as

if they were saying, in flowery cadence, "The hand that made us is divine."

Some of our eyes seemed to be perpetually strained, watching the horizon for the longed-for scouts. At dawn one morning—which is at three o'clock in summer in Dakota—I was awakened by strange sounds at the door. When I drew the curtain, there were the Ree scouts, and on their ponies the mail-bag, marked by some facetious hand, "Black Hills Express." It took but a second to fling on a wrapper and fairly tumble down the steps. The Indians made a sign of long hair and called "Ouches," which is the word denoting that in their language. (The general had borne this name with them for some time.) I was too impatient to wait their tardy movements, and tried to loosen the mail-bag.

The Indian, always pompous and important if he carries dispatches, wafted me away. I understood enough, to be sure, that no one would receive the mail but the officer in command. As the scouts slowly moved down the line towards his quarters, other impatient female figures with flying hair came dancing restlessly out on the porches. Every woman soon knew that news had come. Even the cooks, scantily attired, ran out to stand beside their mistresses and wave their fat arms to the Indians

to hurry them on. Our faithful soldier, Keewan, whom my husband had left to care for us, hearing the commotion, came to ask what he could do. I sent him to bring back the letters. He, in his turn, thinking only to serve me, made an effort to open the mail-bag, but the watchful Indian suppressed him quickly. The old fellow's face beamed with delight when he placed the great official envelope, crowded with closely-written pages, in my hand. How soon they were devoured, and what a blank there seemed in the day when we knew that we had nothing more to expect! Three times after that we had letters. They were most interesting, with descriptions of the charm of travelling over ground no white feet had ever before touched . . .

When the day of their return came, I was simply wild with joy. I hid behind the door as the command rode into garrison, ashamed to be seen crying and laughing and dancing up and down with excitement. I tried to remain there and receive the general, screened from the eyes of outsiders. It was impossible. I was down the steps and beside my husband without being conscious of how I got there. I was recalled to my senses and overwhelmed with confusion by a great cheer from the soldiers, who, I had forgotten, were lookers-on. Regular soldiers rarely cheer, and the unusual sound, to-

gether with the embarrassment into which I had unconsciously plunged myself, made the few steps back to the house seem a mile.

When we could take time to look every one over, they were all amusing enough. Some wives did not know their husbands, and looked indignant enough when caught in an embrace by an apparent stranger. Many, like the general, had grown heavy beards. All were sunburnt, their hair faded, and their clothes so patched that the original blue of the uniform was scarcely visible. Of course there had been nothing on the expedition except pieces of white canvas with which to reinforce the riding breeches, put new elbows on sleeves, and replace the worn knees.

The boots were out at the toes, and the clothing of some was so beyond repairing that the officers wanted to escape observation by slipping, with their tattered rags, into the kitchen door. The instruments of the band were jammed and tarnished, but they still produced enough music for us to recognize the old tune of "Garryowen," * to which the regiment always returned.

By-and-by the long wagon-train appeared. Many of the covers had elk horns strapped to them, until they looked like strange bristling animals as they drew near. Some of the antlers were

brought to us as presents. Besides them we had skins, specimens of gold and mica, and petrified shells of iridescent colors, snake rattles, pressed flowers, and petrified wood. My husband brought me a keg of the most delicious water from a mountain stream. It was almost my only look at clear water for years, as most of the streams west of the Missouri are muddy.

As soon as the column appeared in sight, the old soldier who had served me with such fidelity all summer went to Mary to tell her the news. He also said that as long as the general had put Mrs. Cus-

ter in his charge he knew how to behave. Now, being no longer on honor, he added, "I intend to celebrate their return by going on a tremendous 'bum.'" How anyone could get drunk in so short a time was a mystery. The general had hardly removed his buckskin-coat before the old fellow stumbled up the steps and nearly fell in the door, with his arms full of puppies that had arrived during the summer. The rejoicing was too general for misdemeanors to be noticed. The man was thanked for his watchful care over me during the months past, and advised to find a place to go to sleep in as soon as possible.



* Sound Off, compiled by Edward Arthur Dolph, says: "Garryowen is the most famous regimental march in our army. For more than half a century this rollicking old Irish tune has been inseparably joined with the name of George A. Custer in the Annals of the Seventh Cavalry. In 1868 the Seventh under General Custer was engaged in a campaign against the Cheyennes near Washita, Wyo. On the morning of November 26th after a long hard march through the knee-deep snow, the regiment discover-

ed the camp of Chief Black Kettle. At dawn just as the bugles were sounding the charges, the band struck up Garryowen. To its stirring notes the Seventh charged the camp from three sides and completely defeated the Indians. Eight years later Custer heard his favorite tune for perhaps the last time when, with General Terry, he and the Seventh marched out of Fort Lincoln on the ill-fated expedition which was to end in the massacre of "Little Bighorn."



THE first book Millard Fillmore ever bought was a dictionary. Yet on that literary beginning he proved himself a good farmer; an expert wool carder; a fine bookkeeper; a passable school teacher; an accomplished lawyer, and the best surveyor in his country before he was twenty-five.

With a Forty-niner to Fort Kearny *

The Day-by-day Record of a '49er on the March

By CAPTAIN HOWARD STANSBURY

HERE is a first-hand look at what it meant to be a "forty-niner" on the march. The words are from an Army Engineer's report, "Printed by Order of House of Representatives of the United States," giving a day-by-day record of the march through Kansas and Nebraska in the Spring of 1849:

Washington,
March 10, 1852

Colonel John J. Abert,
Chief of Bureau of

Topographical Engineers:

SIR: I have the honor to submit . . . the following report of an expedition, organized in obedience to your orders of April 11, 1849, having for its object a survey of the Great Salt Lake, and an exploration of its valley . . . The necessary outfit and provisions were obtained from the proper departments of the army, and the party enlarged and well armed, to enable it to protect itself from any danger or depredation to which it might be exposed from tribes of roving or hostile Indians . . . We were much delayed, however, by the heavy drafts made upon the resources of the post for outfits and transportation

furnished to several heavy trains for Oregon, New Mexico, and California, as well as by panic occasioned by exaggerated reports of the existence of cholera at the post; which caused the desertion of forty teamsters and mechanics in one night. Not a hand was to be hired, nor could the quartermaster furnish me with a single teamster. I was consequently obliged to send an express to Kansas for the necessary additional force.

Before leaving Fort Leavenworth, we were joined by a small party of emigrants for California, who desired to travel in our company for the sake of protection, and who continued with us as far as Salt Lake City. This proved a fortunate arrangement, since we thereby secured the society of an excellent and intelligent lady, who not only, by her cheerfulness and vivacity, beguiled the tedium of many a monotonous and wearisome hour, but, by her fortitude and patient endurance of exposure and fatigue, set an example worthy the imitation of many of the ruder sex.

The cholera had for a considerable time been raging on

*"Exploration and Survey of the Valley of the Great Salt Lake, Including a Reconnaissance of a New Route Through the Rocky Mountains," By Howard Stansbury, Captain Corps Topographical Engineers, U. S. Army; Washington, Robert Armstrong, Public Printer, 1853.

the Missouri; and as we passed up, fearful rumors of its prevalence and fatality among the emigrants on the route, daily reached us from the plains. On the day we left Fort Leavenworth, one member of our little party was carried to the hospital in a state of collapse, where he died in twenty-four hours . . . These were rather discouraging circumstances for an outset; but, at length, on the 31st day of May (1849), we commenced our party consisting in all of eighteen men, five wagons, and forty-six horses and mules; while that of Mr. Sacket, our fellow-traveller, contained six persons, one wagon, one travelling carriage, and fifteen animals. Lieutenant Gunnison, being too ill to travel in any other manner, was carried on his bed, in a large spring wagon, which had been procured for the transportation of the (surveying) instruments.

The weather . . . cleared off about noon; the camp broke up, the wagons were packed, and we prepared to exchange, for a season, the comforts and refinements of civilized life for the somewhat wild and roving habits of the hunter and the savage. My party consisted principally of experienced V O Y A GUERS, who had spent the best part of their lives among the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, and to whom this manner of life had become endeared by old associations.

We followed the "emigration road," (already broad and well beaten as any turnpike in our country) over a rolling prairie, fringed on the south with trees . . .

Although the route taken by the party has been travelled by thousands of people, both before and since we passed over it, I have thought that some brief extracts from the daily journals of the expedition might not be without interest; for, although nothing very new may perhaps be elicited, still, it is not improbable that they will convey, to such as peruse them, a more correct idea of what the thousands have had to encounter who have braved this long journey in search of either a new home in Oregon, or of that more alluring object, the glittering treasure of California.

Friday, June 1 . . . In the course of the afternoon we passed the travelling train of a Mr. Allen, consisting of about twenty-five ox-teams, bound for the land of gold. They had been on the spot several days, detained by sickness. One of the party had died but the day before of cholera, and two more were then down with the same disease. In the morning early we had met four men from the same camp, returning on foot, with their effects on their backs, frightened at the danger, and disgusted already with the trip.

It was here that we first

saw a train "CORRALLED." The wagons were drawn up in the form of a circle and chained together, leaving a small opening at but one place, through which the cattle were driven into the enclosed space at night, and guarded. The arrangement is an excellent one, and rendered impossible what is called, in Western phrase, a "stampede"—a mode of assault practised by Indians for the purpose of carrying off cattle or horses, in which, if possible, they set loose some of the animals, and so frighten the rest as to produce a general and confused flight of the whole. To a few determined men, wagons thus arranged form a breastwork exceedingly difficult to be carried by any force of undisciplined savages . . .

Monday, June 4 . . . We are now fairly on the broad open prairie; the air fresh, cool, and delightful; the view on all sides very extensive . . . Tuesday, June 5 . . . We entered the main emigration road from Kansas. Up to this point the road had been very good—smooth, hard and dry, and free from abrupt descents and ascents. The country around us is entirely destitute of trees; not so much as a twig is to be seen; all is bald, naked prairie, with sweeping undulations of the surface, as if a heavy groundswell of the ocean had been suddenly arrested and converted, by the wand of some enchanter, into fixed and sol-

id soil . . . In the afternoon, we met a small party of travellers, with a sick man in a wagon. They proved to be returning emigrants, who, after proceeding as far as Fort Kearny, had lost heart, sold out all they had (their flour and bacon at one cent per pound) and were now slowly and sadly wending their way back to their homes. They assured us that many more were in the same melancholy case. Day's march, fourteen miles.

June 6 . . . In the afternoon we passed a melancholy memento of disappointed hope and blasted enterprise—four freshly-made graves of emigrants, who had died by the way, and were here left on the wide waste, with not a name to preserve their remembrance. How different such a fate from the high and sanguine prospects with which they had set out! . . . Day's travel, twenty miles.

June 7 . . . The road lies through a rolling prairie, and upon a ridge dividing the waters of the Missouri from those of the Big Blue river, a tributary of the Kansas. Met a Mr. Brulet, a French trader, from Fort Laramie, with a large train of wagons, laden with packs of buffalo robes, bound for St. Louis. He had been forty days on the road, and had met not less than four thousand wagons, averaging four persons to a wagon. This large number of emigrants appeared to him to be getting along rather bad-

ly, from their want of experience as to the proper mode of travelling on the prairies, to which cause much of the suffering experienced on these plains is doubtless to be ascribed. We availed ourselves of his offer to carry back letters to our friends at home.

In the course of the morning, passed the fresh grave of a poor fellow whose last resting-place had been partially disturbed by the wolves. They had burrowed a large hole near the head, which, however, had been subsequently filled up with sticks by some compassionate traveller. It was an affecting object, and no good omen of what might be looked for, should any of us fall by the way in our long and arduous journey . . .

Friday, June 8 . . . A small party, with a single wagon, drove into camp just as we were leaving the ground. They had formed part of a company from St. Louis, had proceeded within sixty miles of Fort Kearny, but had quarrelled, and become disgusted with the trip and with each other, and had separated. These persons were on their return to St. Louis. They gave discouraging accounts of matters ahead. Wagons, they said, could be bought, upon the route of emigration, for from ten to fifteen dollars apiece, and provisions for almost nothing at all. So much for arduous enterprises rashly undertaken, and prose-

cuted without previous knowledge or suitable preparation! What else could be expected?

Saturday, June 9 . . . Crossed the Big Vermillion, (a tributary of the Big Blue) . . . The crossing is miry. In the afternoon encamped on the right bank of the Big Blue, near a spring of fine water, on the margin of a level prairie, bordered with huge trees, under the welcome shade of which we pitched our tents, after a fatiguing march of twenty-six miles.

The stream is here about seventy yards wide and three feet deep, flowing with a bold current, and is tolerably well wooded. We found the trees and stumps on its banks carved all over with the names of hundreds of emigrants who had preceded us, the dates of their passing, the state of their health, and spirits, together with an occasional message for their friends who were expected to follow. Such a record, in the midst of a wide solitude like this, could not but make a strong and cheering impression on every new-comer who thus suddenly found himself, as it were, in the midst of a great company of friends and fellow-travellers.

On the left bank was the freshly-made grave of French trader, whose name was well known to most of our voyageurs. It was heaped up with earth and covered longitudinally with heavy split logs, placed there to prevent

the depredation of the wolves; the whole being surmounted by a wooden cross, with the name of the deceased and the usual significant abbreviation, I H S, carved rudely upon it. We had passed six graves already during the day. Melancholy accompaniments they are of a road silent and solitary at best, and ill calculated to cheer the weary, drooping wayfarers . . .

Our encampment was pleasantly situated under the spreading branches of some large oaks, with a spring of pure, cold water near at hand—the latter an item which we soon afterwards learned to value beyond all price . . .

Monday, June 18 . . . We have been travelling for the last three days up the valley of the Little Blue . . . After travelling up the Blue for about twelve miles, today, we left it, and crossed the ridge dividing its waters from those of the Nebraska or Platte River . . . On arriving at the western edge of the plateau, the country become more elevated, and presented a range of small hills of a sandy, reddish clay, with a sharp outline toward the river, forming the "coast of the Nebraska," and also constituting the bluff bounding the river valley on the south. From this elevated position the valley presented a lovely appearance. The bottom was as level as a floor covered with short fresh grass of the richest green, without a shrub or a bush to

interrupt the view. Beyond this verdant carpet of two miles in breadth, flowed the river of which we had heard so much, while a dense growth of large timber, covering Grand Island, which lay immediately before us, formed a fit framework for this lovely picture of calm and quiet beauty.

Archambault, our guide, told me that the last time he had passed this spot, the whole of the immense plain, as far as the eye could reach, was black with herds of buffalo. Now, not so much as one is to be seen; they have fled before the advancing tide of emigration. Driven from their ancient and long-loved haunts, these aboriginal herds, confined with still narrowing bounds, seem destined to final extirpation at the hand of man . . . We passed the remains of a Pawnee village, recently abandoned . . . Near it, several large mushrooms, the first we had seen, were found . . . The measured distance from Fort Leavenworth to this point, by the usually travelled route, is two hundred and ninety-six miles.

Tuesday, June 19 . . . Men and animals much fatigued by the journey of yesterday. We travelled up the Platte fifteen miles, and encamped within two of Fort Kearny, on the bank of the river, for the sake of water and grass.

Wood for cooking could be procured only by wading the

river and bringing it from the opposite side of the shoulders of the men. After encamping, rode up to the fort, and called upon the commanding officer, Colonel Bonneville, whose adventures among the Rocky Mountains are so well known to the world. He received us very courteously,

offering us every facility in his power in furtherance of our progress. We remained at this post until the afternoon of the 21st, to recruit the mules, get many of them shod, and to procure such necessary supplies as could be obtained.

Building the Union Pacific *

Told by the Man who Superintended its Construction

By GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE

Hollywood this year releases another of its great epic pictures of America in the making,—“Union Pacific.” It will add interest to the viewing of this picture to know something of the building of this railroad, as told in the words of the man who actually built it.

“No better story of the construction of the Great Union Pacific Railroad can be found than the address of its chief engineer, General Grenville M. Dodge, before the So-

ciety of the Army of the Tennessee, at Toledo, Ohio, on the 15th of September, 1888,” says Colonel Henry Inman.* “He had been over the whole region which extends from the Missouri River to Salt Lake in the early '50's . . . and at the close of the Civil War he was appointed Chief Engineer . . . His address gives a more complete account of the construction of the road than anything to be found elsewhere.” We quote from it, in part:

WHEN I first saw the country west of the Missouri River it was without civil government, inhabited almost exclusively by Indians. The few white men in it were voyageurs, or connected in some way with the United States army. It was supposed to be uninhabitable, without any natural resources or productiveness, a vast expanse of arid plains, broken here and there with barren, snow-capped mountains. Even Iowa was unsettled west of the Des Moines River . . . Now, from the Missouri River to the

Pacific, from the Red River and the Rio Grande to the British possessions, the territory is all under civil law.

It is said that a railroad enhances ten times the value of the country through which it runs and which it controls, but the value of this country has been enhanced hundreds of times. The government has reaped from it a thousand-fold for every dollar it has expended; and the Pacific roads have been the one great cause that made this state or affairs possible. The census of 1890 will place, in this territory, fifteen

* “The Great Salt Lake Trail, by Col. Henry Inman, U. S. A. and Col. William F. Cody, ‘Buffalo Bill,’ Pub. Co., Chicago, 1894.”

millions of people, and in twenty years it will support forty millions.

It is difficult, I doubt not, for you to comprehend the fact that the first time I crossed the Missouri River was on a raft, and at a point where stands the city of Omaha today. That night I slept in the tepee of an Omaha Indian. When I crossed my party over to make the first explorations not one of us had any knowledge of Indians, of the Indian language, or of plains craft. The Indians surrounded our wagons, took what they wanted, and dubbed us squaws.

In my exploring, ahead and alone, I struck the Elkhorn River about noon. Being tired, I hid my rifle, saddle, and blanket, sauntered out into a secluded place in the woods with my pony, and lay down to sleep. I was awakened and found my pony gone. I looked out upon the valley, and saw an Indian running off with him. I was twenty-five miles from my party and was terrified. It was my first experience, for I was very young. What possessed me I do not know, but I grabbed my rifle and started after the Indian hallowing at the top of my voice. The pony held back, and the Indian, seeing me gaining upon him, let the horse go, jumped into the Elkhorn, and put that river between us. The Indian was a Pawnee. He served me in 1865 (twelve years after), and said to me that I made so much noise he was a "heap scared."

Within a radius of ten miles of that same ground today are five distinct lines of railroad, coming from all parts of the country, concentrating at Omaha for a connection with the Union Pacific. The first private survey and exploration of the Pacific Railroad was caused by the failure of the Mississippi & Missouri, now the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, to complete its project.

These explorations, commenced by me in 1853, were continued each year until 1861, when the result was seen in the framing of bill known as the Law of 1862. After this bill was passed, the Union Pacific Company was organized at Chicago, September 2, 1862, and Reed, Dey, and Brayton made reconnoissances east of the mountains, Reed confining his work to the crossing of the mountains to reach the Great Salt Lake Basin. The effort to engage capital in the road was a failure.

During these explorations, in 1856 or 1857, I happened to return to Council Bluffs, where Mr. Lincoln chanced to be on business. It was then quite an event for an exploring party to reach the States. After dinner, while I was sitting on the stoop of the Pacific House, Mr. Lincoln came and sat beside me, and in his kindly way and manner was soon drawing from me all I knew of the country west, and the result of my surveys. The secrets that were to go to my employers he got, and, in fact, as the

saying there was, he completely "shelled my woods."

President Lincoln, in the spring of 1863, sent for me to come to Washington . . . I received his summons through General Grant, at Corinth, Mississippi . . . Reporting to the President, I found that he recollected his conversation on the Pacific House stoop; that he was, under the law, to fix the Eastern terminus of the Pacific Road; and, also, that he was very anxious to have the road commenced and built, and desired to consult me on these questions. He finally fixed the terminus at Council Bluffs, Iowa.

In his discussion of the means of building the road I thought and urged that no private combination should be relied on, that it must be done by the government. The President frankly said that the government had its hands full. Private enterprise must do the work, and all the government could do was to aid. What he wished to know of me was what was required from the government to ensure its commencement and completion. He said it was a military necessity that the road should be built.

From Washington I proceeded to New York . . . the bill of 1864 was drawn . . . in due time it passed, and under it the Union and Central Pacific Railroads, constituting one continuous line, were built.

In the fall of 1864, after the fall of Atlanta, and while on my return from City Point, where I had been to visit Gen-

eral Grant for a couple of weeks, the commander-in-chief sent me back by way of Washington to see the President.

While the President referred to the Pacific Road, its progress and the result of my former visit, he gave it very little thought, apparently, and his great desire seemed to be to get encouragement respecting the situation around Richmond, which just then was very dark. People were criticizing Grant's strategy, and telling him how to take Richmond. I think the advice and pressure on President Lincoln was almost too much for him, for during my entire visit, which lasted several hours, he confined himself, after reading a chapter out of a humorous book (I believe called the "Gospel of Peace"), to Grant and the situation at Petersburg and Richmond.

After Atlanta, my assignment to a separate department brought the country between the Missouri River and California under my command, and then I was charged with the Indian campaigns of 1865 and 1866. I travelled again over all that portion of the country I had explored in former years, and saw the beginning of that great future that awaited it. I then began to comprehend its capabilities and resources, and in all movements of our troops and scouting parties I had reports made upon the country — its resources and topography; and I myself, during the two years, traversed it

east and west, north and south, from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone and from Missouri to the Salt Lake Basin . . .

The location of the Union Pacific was extended to the California state line, and that of the Central Pacific to the mouth of Weber Canon. The Union Pacific work hastened, and most of the line graded to Humboldt Wells, 219 miles west of Ogden, and the Union Pacific met the track of the Central Pacific at Promontory Summit, 1,186 miles west of the Missouri River, and 638 miles east of Sacramento, on May 9, 1869; to the wonder of America, and the utter astonishment of the whole world, completing the entire line seven years before the limit of time allowed by the government.

In 1863 and 1864 surveys were inaugurated, but in 1866 the country was systematically occupied, and day and night, summer and winter, the explorations were pushed forward through dangers and hardships that very few of this day appreciate; as every mile had to be within range of the musket, there was not a moment's security. In making the surveys, numbers of our men, some of them the ablest and most promising, were killed; and during the construction our stock was run off by the hundred, I might say by the thousand. As one difficulty after another arose and was overcome, both in the engineering and construction de-

partments, a new era in railroad building was inaugurated.

Each day taught us lessons by which we profited for the next, and our advances and improvements in the art of railway construction were marked by the progress of the work; 40 miles of track having been laid in 1865, 260 in 1866, 240 in 1867, including the ascent to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, at an elevation of 8,240 feet above the ocean; and during 1868 and to May 10, 1869, 555 miles, all exclusive of side and temporary tracks, of which over 180 miles were built in addition.

The first grading was done in the autumn of 1864, and the first rail laid in July, 1865. When you look back to the beginning at the Missouri River, with no railway communication from the east, and 500 miles of the country in advance, without timber, fuel, or any material whatever from which to build or maintain a roadbed itself; with everything to be transported, and that by teams or at best by steamboats, for hundreds and thousands of miles; everything to be created, with labor scarce and high—you can all look back upon the work with satisfaction and ask, under such circumstances, could we have done better? . . .

The experience of the war made possible the building of this continental railroad, not only physically, but financial-

ly. The government, already burdened with billions of debt, floated fifty million dollars more, and by this action it created a credit which enabled the railroad company to float an equal amount; and these two credits, when handled by men of means and courage, who also threw their own private fortunes into the scale, accomplished the work.

If it had been proposed, before the war, that the United States should use its credit, and issue bonds to build a railroad two thousand miles long across a vast, barren plain, only known to the red man, uninhabited, without one dollar of business to sustain it, the proposition alone would virtually have bankrupted the nation.

Possibilities of finance, as developed during the war, made this problem not only possible, but solved and carried it out, and accomplished in three years a feat which no previous plan had proposed to accomplish in less than ten years; and while it was being accomplished, the only persons who had real, solid, undoubted faith in its completion were that portion of the nation who had taken an active part in the war . . .

A few bold spirits backed the enterprise with their fortunes and independent credit. They were called fools and fanatics. Oakes Ames—the real pluck of the work—said to me once, “What makes me hold on is the faith of you soldiers,” referring, at the time, to the sup-

port the army was giving us, led by Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Pope, Thomas, Augur, and Crook, and all who had direct communication with us on the plains. There was nothing we could ask for that they did not give, even when regulations did not authorize it, and took a large stretch of authority to satisfy our demands.

The commissary department was open to us. Their troops guarded us, and we reconnoitred, surveyed, located, and built inside of their picket-line. We marched to work by the tap of the drum with our men armed. They stacked their arms on the dump, and were ready at a moment's warning to fall in and fight for their territory.

General Casement's track-train could arm a thousand men at a word; and from him, as a head, down to his chief spiker, it could be commanded by experienced officers of every rank, from general to captain. They had served five years at the front, and over half of the men had shouldered a musket in many battles.

An illustration of this came to me after our track had passed Plum Creek, two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. The Indians had captured a freight-train and were in possession of it and its crews. It so happened that I was coming down from the front with my car, which was a travelling arsenal. At Plum Creek Station word came of this capture and stopped us.

On my train were perhaps twenty men, some a portion of the crew, some who had been discharged and sought passage to the rear. Nearly all were strangers to me. The excitement of the capture and the reports coming by telegraph of the burning train brought all the men to the platform, and when I called upon them to fall in, to go forward and retake the train, every man on the train went into line, and by his position showed that he was a soldier. We ran down slowly until we came in sight of the train. I gave the order to deploy as skirmishers, and at the command they went forward as steadily and in as good order as we had seen the old soldiers climb the face of Kenesaw under fire . . .

The building of the Pacific roads has changed the climate between the Missouri River and the Sierra Nevada. In the extreme West it is not felt so much as between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains. Before settlement had developed it, the country west of the Missouri River could raise little of the main crops,

except by irrigation. From April until September no rain fell. The snows of the mountains furnished the streams with water and the bunch-grass with sufficient moisture to sustain it until July when it became cured and was the food that sustained all animal life on the plains, summer and winter.

I have seen herds of buffalo, hundreds of thousands in number, living off bunch-grass that they obtained by pawing through two feet of snow, on the level. It was this feature that induced the stocking of immense ranches with cattle. Buffalo never changed the character of the grass, but herds of cattle did, so that now, on the ranges, very little of the bunch or buffalo grass remains.

Since the building of these roads, it is calculated that the rain belt moves westward at the rate of eight miles a year. It has now certainly reached the plains of Colorado, and for two years that high and dry state has raised crops without irrigation, right up to the foot of the mountains . . .

* * *

BEAUTY has not always come easy to some women. So the ladies of history were wont to "make up" just as the woman of today does. But the ingredients were different. Poppaea, the wife of Nero, used to bathe in donkey's milk and apply plain, white chalk for face powder. So Anna Held, and her famous milk bath, was not so original!


Stanley at Shiloh *

The Famous African Explorer at the Bloody Battle of Shiloh

By SIR HENRY M. STANLEY

Sir Henry M. Stanley, the great African explorer—the man who “found Livingstone”—though born in England, spent part of his youth in America, the adopted son of Mr. Stanley, a New Orleans merchant. At the age of twenty he was a Confederate

soldier, and as a private in the 6th Arkansas, took part in the battle of Shiloh. His description of this battle, as told in his Autobiography, is one of the classics of war literature and philosophy on battle carnage:

 ON April 2, 1862, we received orders to prepare three day's cooked rations . . . and on the morning of the 4th, the 6th Arkansas Regiment of Hindman's brigade, Hardee's corps, marched from Corinth, Mississippi to take part in one of the bloodiest battles of the West . . . After two days of marching, and two nights of bivouacking and living on cold rations, our spirits were not so buoyant at dawn of Sunday, the 6th April, as they ought to have been for the serious task before us . . . According to authority, the actual number of the forces about to be opposed to each other was 39,630 Confederates against 49,232 Federals . . .

At four o'clock in the morning we rose from our damp bivouac, and, after a hasty refreshment, were formed into line . . . Our brigade formed the center; Cleburne's and Gladden's bri-

gades were on our respective flanks . . . Next to me, on my right, was a boy of seventeen, Henry Parker. I remember it because, while we stood-at-ease, he drew my attention to some violets at his feet, and said, “It would be a good idea to put a few into my cap. Perhaps the Yanks won't shoot me if they see me wearing such flowers, for they are a sign of peace.” “Capital,” said I, “I will do the same.” We plucked a bunch, and arranged the violets in our caps. The men in the ranks laughed at our proceedings, and had not the enemy been so near, their merry mood might have been communicated to the army.

We loaded our muskets, and arranged our cartridge pouches ready for use . . . the Orderly-sergeant called the roll, and we knew the Dixie Greys were present to a man . . . Presently we swayed forward into line, with shouldered arms. New-

*The Autobiography of Sir Henry Morton Stanley; Edited by Dorothy M. Stanley. Pub. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston & New York, 1909

ton Story, big, broad, and straight, bore our company-banner of gay silk, at which the ladies of our neighbourhood had laboured.

As we trampled solemnly and silently through the thin forest, and over its grass, still in its withered and wintry hue, I noticed that the sun was not far from appearing, that our regiment was keeping its formation admirably, that the woods would have been a grand place for a picnic; and I thought it strange that a Sunday should have been chosen to disturb the holy calm of those woods.

Before we had gone five hundred paces, our serenity was disturbed by some desultory firing in front. It was then a quarter-past five. "They are at it already," we whispered to each other. "Stand by, gentlemen."—for we were all gentlemen volunteers at this time—said our Captain L. G. Smith. Our steps became unconsciously brisker, and alertness was noticeable in everybody. The firing continued at intervals, deliberate and scattered, as at target-practice. We drew nearer to the firing, and soon a sharper rattling of musketry was heard. "That is the enemy waking up," we said. Within a few minutes, there was another explosive burst of musketry, the air was pierced by many missiles, which hummed and pinged sharply by our ears, pattered through the tree-tops, and brought twigs and leaves

down on us. "Those are bullets," Henry whispered in awe.

At two hundred yards further, a dreadful roar of musketry broke out from a regiment adjoining ours. It was followed by another further off, and the sound had scarcely died away when regiment after regiment blazed away and made a continuous roll of sound. "We are in for it now," said Henry; but as yet we had seen nothing, though our ears were tingling under the animated volleys.

"Forward, gentlemen, make ready!" urged Captain Smith. In response, we surged forward, for the first time marking the alignment . . . Beams of sunlight stole athwart our course. The sun was up above the horizon . . . we overtook our skirmishers . . . passed beyond them. Nothing now stood between us and the enemy.

"There they are!" was no sooner uttered, than we cracked into them with levelled muskets. "Aim low, men!" commanded Captain Smith. I tried hard to see some living thing to shoot at, for it appeared absurd to be blazing away at shadows. But, still advancing, firing as we moved, I, at last, saw a row of little globes of pearly smoke streaked with crimson, breaking out, with sportive quickness, from a long line of bluey figures in front; and, simultaneously, there broke upon our ears an appalling crash of sound, the series of

fusillades following one another with startling suddenness, which suggested to my somewhat moidered sense a mountain upheaved, with huge rocks tumbling and thundering down a slope, and echoes rumbling and receding through space. Again and again, these loud and quick explosions were repeated, seemingly with increased violence, until they rose to the highest pitch of fury, and in unbroken continuity. All the world seemed in one tremendous ruin!

This was how the conflict was ushered in—as it affected me. I looked around to see the effect on others, or whether I was singular in my emotions, and was glad to notice that each was possessed with his own thoughts. All were pale, solemn, and absorbed; but, beyond that, it was impossible for me to discover what they thought of it; but, by transmission of sympathy, I felt that they would gladly prefer to be elsewhere, though the law of the inevitable kept them in line to meet their destiny. It might be mentioned, however, that at no time were we more instinctively inclined to obey the voice of command. We had no individuality at this moment, but all motions and thoughts were surrendered to the unseen influence which acted our movements. Probably few bothered their minds with self-questionings as to the issue to themselves. That properly belongs to

other moments, to the night, to the interval between waking and sleeping, to the first moments of the dawn — not when every nerve is tense, and the spirit is at the highest pitch of action.

Though one's senses were preternaturally acute, and engaged with their impressions, we plied our arms, loaded, and fired, with such nervous haste as though it depended on each of us how soon this fiendish uproar would be hushed. My nerves tingled, my pulses beat double-quick, my heart throbbed loudly, and almost painfully; but, amid all the excitement, my thoughts, swift as the flash of lightning, took all sound, and sight, and self, into their purview. I listened to the battle raging far away on the flanks, to the thunder in front, to the various sounds made by the leaden storm. I was angry with my rear rank, because he made my eyes smart with the powder of his musket; I felt like cuffing him for deafening my ears! I knew how Captain Smith and Lieutenant Mason looked, how bravely the Dixie Greys' banner ruffled over Newton Story's head, and that all hands were behaving as though they knew how long all this would last. Back to myself my thoughts came, and, with the whirring bullet, they fled to the blue-bloused ranks afront. They dwelt on their movements, and read their temper, as I should read time by a clock. Through

the lurid haze the contours of their pink faces could not be seen, but their gappy, hesitating, incoherent, and sensitive line revealed their mood clearly.

We continued advancing, step by step, loading and firing as we went. To every forward step, they took a backward move, loading and firing as they slowly withdrew. Twenty thousand muskets were being fired at this stage, but, though accuracy of aim was impossible, owing to our labouring hearts, and the jarring and excitement, many bullets found their destined billets on both sides.

After a steady exchange of musketry, which lasted some time, we heard the order: "Fix Bayonets! On the double-quick!" in tones that thrilled us. There was a simultaneous bound forward, each soul doing his best for the emergency.

The Federals appeared inclined to await us; but, at this juncture, our men raised a yell, thousands responded to it, and burst out into the wildest yelling it has ever been my lot to hear. It drove all sanity and order from among us. It served the double purpose of relieving pent-up feelings and transmitting encouragement along the attacking line. I rejoiced in the shouting like the rest. It reminded me that there were about four hundred companies like the Dixie Greys, who shared our feelings. Most of

us, engrossed with the musket-work, had forgotten the fact; but the wave after wave of human voices, louder than all other battle sounds together, penetrated to every sense, and stimulated our energies to the utmost.

"They fly!" was echoed from lip to lip. It accelerated our pace, and filled us with a noble rage. Then I knew what the Berserker passion was! It deluged us with rapture, and transfigured each Southerner into an exulting victor. At such a moment, nothing could have halted us.

Those savage yells, and the sight of thousands of racing figures coming towards them, discomfited the blue-coats; and when we arrived upon the place where they had stood, they had vanished. Then we caught sight of their beautiful array of tents, before which they had made their stand, after being roused from their Sunday-morning sleep, and huddled into line, at hearing their pickets challenge our skirmishers. The half-dressed dead and wounded showed what a surprise our attack had been. We drew up in the enemy's camp, panting and breathing hard. Some precious minutes were lost in recovering our breaths, indulging our curiosity, and reforming our line. Signs of a hasty rouse to the battle were abundant. Military equipments, uniform - coats, half-packed knapsacks, bed-

ding, of a new and superior quality, littered the company streets.

Meantime, a series of other camps lay behind the first array of tents. The resistance we had met, though comparatively brief, enabled the brigades in rear of the advance camp to recover from the shock of the surprise; but our delay had not been long enough to give them time to form in proper order of battle . . . Prentiss's brigade, despite their most desperate efforts, were hemmed in on all sides and were made prisoners. I had a momentary impression that, with the capture of the first camp, the battle was well-nigh over; but, in fact, it was only a brief prologue of the long and exhaustive series of struggles which took place that day . . .

The world seemed bursting into fragments. Cannon and musket, shell and bullet, lent their several intensities to the distracting uproar . . . All the opposing armies of Grey and Blue fiercely blazed at each other.

After being exposed for a few seconds to this fearful downpour, we heard the order to "Lie down, men, and continue your firing!" Before me was a prostrate tree, about fifteen inches in diameter, with a narrow strip of light between it and the ground. Behind this shelter a dozen of us flung ourselves. The security it appeared to offer restored to me my individuality. We could fight,

and think, and observe, better than out in the open. But it was a terrible period! How the cannon bellowed, and their shells plunged and bounded, and flew with screeching hisses over us! Their sharp rending explosions and hurtling fragments made us shrink and cower, despite our utmost efforts to be cool and collected. I marvelled, as I heard the unintermitting patter, snip, thud, and hum of the bullets, how anyone could live under this raining death. I could hear the balls beating a merciless tattoo on the outer surface of the log, pinging viciously as they flew off at a tangent from it, and thudding into something or other, at the rate of a hundred a second. One, here and there, found its way under the log, and buried itself in a comrade's body. One man raised his chest, as if to yawn, and jostled me. I turned to him, and saw that a bullet had gored his whole face, and penetrated into his chest. Another ball struck a man a deadly rap on the head, and he turned on his back and showed his ghastly white face to the sky . . .

The officers, with one voice, ordered the charge; and cries of "Forward, forward!" raised us, as with a spring, to our feet, and changed the complexion of our feelings. The pulse of action beat feverishly once more; and, though overhead was crowded with peril, we were unable to give it so much

attention as when we lay stretched on the ground. Just as we bent our bodies for the onset, a boy's voice cried out, "Oh, stop, please a bit, I have been hurt, and can't move!" I turned to look, and saw Henry Parker, standing on one leg, and dolefully regarding his smashed foot. In another second, we were striding impetuously towards the enemy, vigorously plying our muskets, stopping only to prime the pan and ram the load down, when, with a spring or two, we would fetch up with the front, aim, and fire . . . We gained the second line of camps, continued the rush through them, and clean beyond. It was now about ten o'clock. My physical powers were quite exhausted, and, to add to my discomfiture, something struck me on my belt-clasp, and tumbled me headlong to the ground.

I could not have been many minutes prostrated before I recovered from the shock of the blow and fall, to find my clasp deeply dented and cracked. My company was not in sight. I was grateful for the rest, and crawled feebly to a tree, and plunging my hand into my haversack, ate ravenously. Within half an hour, feeling renovated, I struck north in the direction which my regiment had taken, over a ground strewn with bodies and the debris of war.

The desperate character of this day's battle was now brought home to my mind in

all its awful reality. While in the tumultuous advance, and occupied with a myriad of exciting incidents, it was only at brief intervals that I was conscious of wounds being given and received; but now, in the trail of pursuers and pursued, the ghastly relics appalled every sense . . . Close by was a young Lieutenant, who, judging by the new gloss of his uniform, must have been some father's darling. A clean bullet-hole through the center of his forehead had instantly ended his career. A little further were some twenty bodies, lying in various postures, each by its own pool of viscous blood, which emitted a peculiar scent, which was new to me, but which I have since learned is inseparable from a battle-field. Beyond these, a still larger group lay, body overlying body, knees crooked, arms erect, or wide-stretched and rigid, according as the last spasm overtook them. The company opposed to them must have shot straight.

Other details of that ghastly trail formed a mass of horrors that will always be remembered at the mention of Shiloh. I can never forget the impression those wide-open dead eyes made on me. Each seemed to be starting out of its socket, with a look similar to the fixed wondering gaze of an infant, as though the dying had viewed something appalling at the last moment. "Can it be," I asked myself,

"that at the last glance they saw their own retreating souls, and wondered why their caskets were left behind, like offal?" My surprise was that the form we made so much of, and that nothing was too good for, should now be mutilated, hacked, and outraged; and that the life, hitherto guarded as a sacred thing, and protected by the Constitution, Law, Ministers of Justice, Police, should, of a sudden—at least, before I can realize it—be given up to death!

An object once seen, if it has affected my imagination, remains indelibly fixed in my memory; and, among many other scenes with which it is now crowded, I cannot forget that half-mile square of woodland, lighted brightly by the sun, and littered by the forms of about a thousand dead and wounded men, and by horses, and military equipments. It formed a picture that may always be reproduced with an almost absolute fidelity. For it was the first Field of Glory I had seen in my May of life, and the first time that Glory sickened me with its repulsive aspect, and made me suspect it was all a glittering lie. In my imagination, I saw more than it was my fate to see with my eyes, for, under a flag of truce, I saw the bearers pick up the dead from the field, and lay them in long rows beside a wide trench; I saw them laid, one by one, close together at the bottom

—thankless victims of a perished cause, and all their individual hopes, pride, honour, names, buried under oblivious earth.

My thoughts reverted to the time when those festering bodies were idolized objects of their mothers' passionate love, their fathers standing by, half-fearing to touch the fragile little things, and the wings of civil law out-spread to protect parents and children in their family loves, their coming and going followed with pride and praise, and the blessing of the Almighty over-shadowing all. Then, as they were nearing manhood, through some strange warp of Society, men in authority summoned them from school and shop, field and farm, to meet in the woods on a Sunday morning for mutual butchery with the deadliest instruments ever invented, Civil Law, Religion, and Morality complaisantly standing aside, while 90,000 young men, who had been preached and moralized to, for years, were let loose to engage in the carnival of slaughter.

Only yesterday, they professed to shudder at the word "Murder." To-day by a strange twist in human nature, they lusted to kill, and were hounded on in the work of destruction by their pastors, elders, mothers, and sisters. Oh, for once, I was beginning to know the real truth! Man was born for

slaughter! All the pains taken to soothe his savage heart were unavailing! Holy words and heavenly hopes had no lasting effects on his bestial nature, for, when once provoked, how swiftly he slung aside the sweet hope of Heaven, and the dread of Hell, **with which he amused himself in time of ease!**

As I moved, horror stricken, through the fearful shambles, where the dead lay as thick as the sleepers in a London park on a Bank Holiday, I was unable to resist the belief that my education had been in abstract things, which had no relation to our animal existence. For, if human life is so disparaged, what has it to do with such high subjects as God, Heaven, and Immortality? And to think how devotional men and women pretend to be, on a Sunday! Oh, cunning, cruel man! He knew that the sum of all real knowledge and effort was to know how to kill and mangle his brothers, as

we were doing today! Reflecting on my own emotions, I wondered if other youths would feel that they had been deluded like myself with man's fine polemics and names of things, which vanished with the reality.

A multitude of angry thoughts surged through me, which I cannot describe in detail, but they amounted to this, that a cruel deception had been practiced on my blank ignorance, that my atom of imagination and feeling had been darkened, and that man was a portentous creature from which I recoiled with terror and pity. He was certainly terrible and hard, but he was no more to me now than a two-legged beast; he was cunning beyond finding out, but his morality was only a mask for his wolfish heart! Thus, scoffing and railing at my infatuation for moral excellence as practiced by humanity, I sought to join my company and regiment.



Of 2,778,304 Union soldiers enlisted in the Civil War,
 Over 2,000,000 were not 23 years old;
 1,151,438 were not even 19.
 Over 700,000 lads of 17 or less were in the ranks;
 Over 200,000 were not more than 16;
 Even 100,000 were not more than 15.

"Verily, it was the **BOYS** who put down the Rebellion."

The Kossuth Hat

An Old-time Merchant moves some "Dead Stock"

MODERN business may think itself original in putting on stunts to get rid of slow moving merchandise. But here is the story of what was done by an "old boy" of eighty-odd years ago. It seems that in the early fifties of the past century there was a certain style of low-crown, soft felt hat, called the Kossuth Hat, very popular in the United States. The story of how it was introduced and popularized by one John Nicholas Genin, New York merchant and hat-maker, who lived from 1819 to 1878, is as follows:

In the autumn of 1851 it was advertised that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot, was on his way to this country. Mr. Genin proposed that one hundred wealthy

citizens should contribute \$1,000 each for his use, and gave that amount himself. He was also an active promoter of the public reception, which included a military parade. Having on hand a lot of "dead stock" in the shape of low-crowned felt hats, Herr Genin fastened the left side of the brim to the crown, ornamented it with a black feather, and boarding the vessel at Sandy Hook presented all of the Kossuth refugees, many of whom were ragged and shoeless, with "Kossuth" hats, which they wore in the march up Broadway. Low-crowned hats at once became popular, and the manufacturers subsequently recognized Mr. Genin's services in their behalf by presenting him with a silver service valued at twelve hundred dollars.

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Amusements of Early Settlers *

Recreation of Ohio Pioneers of the 1790's

WE get a look at long-ago pioneer recreation as we read the following account of "amusements of early settlers" at "Fort Frye," near the present town of Beverly, on the Ohio River, in the early 1790's:

Games at ball of various kinds, with foot races, were their favorite sports . . . At these games both old and young zealously engaged. Dancing was another diversion much practiced by the youth, and encouraged by the elders, as affording a healthy exercise in which the females could also bear a part.

No distinctions of family, or office, were then made; all were on a level, and all exposed to the same dangers and privations, rendering them mutually dependent on each other, for aid and assistance. They were united in bonds of friendship like one great family, bound and held together in a common brotherhood by the perils which surrounded them.

In after years, when each household lived separate in their own domicile, they looked back on these days with satisfaction and pleasure, as a period in their lives when the best affections of the heart were called forth and practiced towards each other.

On festive occasions, such as Christmas and New Year, they were so unfortunate as not to be possessed of a single violin in the garrison; while a few years later, nearly every keel boat and

barge on the western rivers carried one or more fiddlers, and every night the men amused themselves with a hornpipe on the deck of the boat, or by the campfire. This practice was no doubt introduced by the French boatmen from Kaskaskia and St. Louis, who were always fond of the dance, and the music of the viol.

A pretty good substitute was, however, found on these joyous occasions, in the voice of an elderly man, who had been a sailor in his youth, and was familiarly known to the inmates of the garrison by the name of Uncle Sam Mitchell, or more briefly, "Uncle Sam."

He was fond of a dram, and with the aid of the enlivening beverage, would keep up a strain of fine vocal music the whole night. When toward daylight he became a little drowsy, a kind word and another glass set all right again. He oftener tired out the dancers, than they him.

The older married men amused themselves with a game at whist, and passed the time very agreeably on these evenings, over a bowl of hot whiskey punch and a plentiful supper, at which the good wives sometimes joined, although they usually preferred their tea to any other enlivening drink. By the aid of such homely and simple pastimes, the five years confinement (1790-95) within the garrison passed cheerfully and rapidly away.

*From "Pioneer History of the Ohio Valley and Early Settlement of the Northwest, 1788-1803;" by S. Hildreth, for the Historical Society of Cincinnati; Pub. 1848, H. W. Derby & Co., Cincinnati.

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